THE ENGLISH REVIEW

NEW SERIES OCTOBER, 1931 No. 5.

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25th Year of Publication

NEW SERIES — NO. 5

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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The Legend of Coal into Oil

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I quite agree with Mr. Hodgkin in his letter on this subject in last month's ENGLISH REVIEW that "little information as to the possibilities of obtaining from British coal has up to the present been available to the public" if, that is to say, Mr. Hodgkin means *detailed* information. This lack of information has not, however, arisen from lack of opportunity for granting information by the hydrogenating and distilling protagonists. On the contrary, pages of the newspapers have been devoted to painting rosy pictures of the new industries.

We all know that Imperial Chemicals have obtained a monopoly of patents and processes, but we also know that the Company so formed is not a producing company, and, in view of the splendid future foretold, we wonder why.

Mr. Hodgkin will, I feel sure, acquit me, and all other critics of the Distillation and Hydrogenation Projects, of antagonism to the extraction of oils of all sorts from British coals. We should be crazy to do so when and where the process can be made economic. Those who like myself, however, have studied these schemes in detail in the past few years find no encouragement to invest in them voluntarily and we very naturally oppose any effort to force us to become shareholders in undertakings which, if sound, should make the fortunes of those who father them with their personal resources.

Yours faithfully,

BERNARD ACWORTH

"The Limits of Fascism"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the article appearing under the above title in your August issue, Mr. J. D. Gregory makes several statements which are within our experience misleading.

For the past twelve months my wife and I have been staying continuously either in Italy, or in Switzerland within ten miles of the Italian frontier. During this time we have crossed the frontier by car some 30 times by six or seven different routes, and have covered over 4,000 miles on Italian roads.

On one occasion only has there been any considerable scrutiny of our passports, lasting about 10 to 15 minutes. This was attributable I fancy rather to an excess of zeal at a very little-used frontier post than to any other reason. As to passports being "constantly examined again in the interior by Fascist outposts"—we have seen no sign of such a thing. We do not carry our passports about with us when away from the frontier, nor have I heard of anyone so doing. The "innumerable carabinieri and Alpini" spoken of as patrolling the roads are no more in evidence than are the police on our own country roads, rather I should say, less so. Nor are the Carabinieri more noticeable in the neighbourhood of such towns as Milan, Genoa, Brescia, etc., than they were when we last motored in Italy eight years ago.

I submit that we could not have hoped to escape, as we have done hitherto, if the practices referred to were anything like so universal as Mr. Gregory's article would lead one to believe.

Yours faithfully,

At Villa Aana, Garda, (Verona), Italy. S. VINCENT CONWAY

(*Continued on page* vi)

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East Africa for the Winter

WINTER travel is in some cases a necessity, and in many others it is eminently desirable, but anyone contemplating such a tour will naturally seek a climate that, while invigorating, can be relied on to give adequate warmth without excessive heat, a real change of environment with scenes of beauty and interest for mental refreshment, good communications and comfort, and all at a reasonable cost. It is doubtful if all these essential requirements can be more certainly and completely filled than in East Africa to-day.

Within the limits of a brief article it is impossible even to hint at the many variations for a long or short holiday that are open to the traveller in this part of the world, so a sketch will be given of a specimen itinerary. Proceeding first by sea to Mombasa the traveller has the Mediterranean voyage and, if he be not returning that way, can halt *en route* in Egypt. The Red Sea is at its kindest for the winter traveller and the final run from Aden to Mombasa completes a delightful and restful sea-voyage, bringing at its close the first near view of tropical Africa. Leaving the island port, rapid progress is made by the Kenya and Uganda Railway, in a train with dining car and comfortable sleepers, which follows the old slave trade route that it was built to destroy. The line climbs from coast belt to highlands, Nairobi, Kenya's capital, being reached in 18 hours. Taking this as a centre, visits can be made to the surrounding farms, for every traveller should see the settler at home and learn how he really lives, besides seeing how the world-famed coffee and sisal are grown and prepared. He can visit Mounts Kenya and Kilimanjaro, those snow-capped peaks on the Equator, lovely bracken-lined trout streams, game reserves teeming with Africa's unrivalled fauna, native villages: a wealth of variety and interest.

Then on by rail or road through fascinating highlands and the Great Rift Valley, past farms, ranches, sheep runs, native reserves, crossing the Nile at Jinja, to Kampala, the commercial capital of Uganda, where the civilization and prosperity of the natives will surprise many. This, too, is the centre for motor tours and one, of many, will be described as an example of what can be done and seen on Uganda's justly famous roads. Starting off to Fort Portal one runs along the foothills of the Mountains of the Moon, then by Lake George to Mbarara, and on into the Belgian Congo to Kissenyi on beautiful Lake Kivu.

Kissenyi has not inaptly been called the Naples of Africa, its small white village nestling on the lake shore and backed by an active volcano; the waters are Capri blue and be it noted there are no crocodiles or mosquitoes! The next stage takes one to Ruchuru on the fringe of the Parc National Albert, the most advanced experiment in game reserves, on to Lake Edward, up the escarpment to Beri in full view of Ruwenzori's glaciers, then through the great Semliki forest past silent gazing pygmies, and beneath the no less curious colobus monkeys in the tree tops, down to Mahagi on Lake Albert to board the S.S. *Coryndon* for Butiaba and the Murchison Falls. The next stage may be accomplished leisurely down the Nile by car, steamer, and train to the Sudan and Egypt, or by the well organised and comfortable air route.

Or again, from Uganda one can go just as easily by Lake Tanganyika to the Belgian Congo and Northern Rhodesia, the latest and one of the greatest examples of Empire progress, the unrivalled Victoria Falls, and South Africa, returning by sea from Cape Town. East Africa to-day really is a tourist's paradise.

FRANK MELLAND.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1931

What of the Night?

By Douglas Jerrold

THE failure to form a national government will prove a blessing in disguise. The political situation is happily controlled to-day by the independent Conservatives and the elder statesmen of the Liberal party—Sir John Simon and Mr. Walter Runciman. Had it been possible to form a government enjoying a substantial measure of support from all parties, the situation so familiar to students of Continental politics of a moderate *bloc* surrounded by a number of small groups incapable of cohesion would inevitably have developed. In those circumstances a negative policy prolonged until a second crisis developed would have been inevitable. As it is, the Government must either get on or get out. To all honest men it is a matter of indifference which course they elect. It is certain in any case that if they decide to "get on" they will be forced in the near future to a drastic reconstruction. At present the Government, for all its prestige, is hopelessly under-gunned when it comes to serious argument. It can hold its own easily enough with Mr. Henderson's caucus—who could not?—but to recent speeches by Sir John Simon, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Amery, Sir Arthur Steel Maitland, Sir Oswald Mosley, Colonel Wedgwood Benn, and Mr. Maxton it could make no effective reply.

The spectacle of a government dependent for an extension of its life on the consent of the best brains and the strongest personalities in politics to-day is pleasant and refreshing. Since 1910, with one exception, the balance has been held by the Irish, by the pre-war Labour party, the coalition Liberals, and the post-war Liberal party. The one exception—Mr. Baldwin's last

administration—was apparent, not real, for that administration was itself, in effect, a free trade-protectionist coalition pledged to interfere by its policy with the efficient working of either system. To-day we face a new era. A constructive Conservatism, intellectually coherent and ably expounded, has its first chance in this century. It will either profit by its unparalleled opportunity or make way for a government of the Left—not a pleasant middle-class government with its headquarters at the Athenæum and its heart in Mayfair, but a genuinely revolutionary government with a destructive purpose and a serious determination to pursue it. The days of the men of the centre are over.

They have been bad days. Some of the least creditable days in our history. Let us look fairly at the facts, without party rancour or social prejudice. Conservative administrations unwilling to reconstruct, and Socialist administration unable to do so (partisans can reverse the epithets if they wish—it makes no matter), have joined together with Liberal support in all the principal measures which have led us to the present crisis. It is a fitting nemesis that the inexorable logic of facts should have joined them together to-day in the task of explaining to the taxpayers of all classes precisely where those policies have led us. The pretence that this is a sudden crisis, promoted by the interference (legitimate or illegitimate makes no matter) of national and international financiers deceives no one. An elementary arithmetical calculation showed months ago that a deficit for 1932–33 roughly of the amount now disclosed by Mr. Snowden was inevitable. The facts and the figures have been given in this REVIEW by the present writer for many months. They have been, indeed, common knowledge. Equally certain has it always been that prodigal finance of this kind must lead to a flight from the pound. The impudent suggestion that this inevitable consequence of our recent policy should have been slurred over need not be seriously discussed. The facts are precisely opposite.

Had those who could have spoken with authority spoken earlier, the flight might have been forestalled by remedial measures taken in time, and the blow to our prestige and consequently to the chances of recovering our prosperity might have been averted. For this misplaced silence the City as well as the moderates of all parties must share the blame.

Happily to-day it is recognized, at least by those who hold the balance in the present Parliament, that the financial crisis is not the cause but the effect of policy inevitably damaging to industry. Even the *New Statesman* realizes that the real cause of the gold drain is the unwillingness of France and America to invest their surpluses abroad. **For this unwillingness there is no financial remedy.** A balanced Budget can slow down the flight of capital, but it cannot reverse the trend of investment so long as British industry cannot produce at a profit. As Colonel Wedgwood said in the House of Commons at the opening debate, the basic fact of the situation is not that financiers as much here as abroad did not *consider* the £1 to be worth its nominal value, but that the £1 *was not, in fact,* worth that value; this basic fact remains, so long as the yield of a £1 invested in British productive industry is less in value than the yield of a similar sum invested in France or America. The restoration of a degree of confidence abroad which was achieved by Mr. Snowden's Budget evaporated quickly in the absence of any declared policy for restoring the productivity of industry. And until we ourselves have *framed* and *secured the acceptance* of such a policy it is mere folly to blame other nations for doubting the possibility of an early recovery for British industry.

Let it first of all be made clear by those who hold the fate of the Government in their hands that economies in the form of a reduction of State salaries are no more a remedy for our industrial difficulties than are heavy and still heavier taxes. They are a necessity of our budgetary position, as Mr. Henderson himself admits,

but our budgetary position is not the result of paying a little too much to this or that class of State functionary, but of the distribution of *services* (in kind or in cash) to an extent unjustified by the surplus value of what industry produces over what it consumes (in wages interest, maintenance and depreciation). *This surplus is the only source from which payments to the community in excess of their individual earnings can in the long run be met.* When this surplus is inadequate, the gap is met by spending capital as revenue, and that is precisely what we have been doing. These services which we enjoy cover every field of life. Too much attention is paid to the so-called social services, but expenditure on roads, pavements, lighting, police, the defence forces and development are all, equally, additions to the standard of life of the community. And in the long run the choice can only lie between continuing these services and paying for them properly, or discontinuing them in whole or in part, in so far as they are not paid for directly and wholly out of the personal incomes of the beneficiaries.

Here we are at the root of the matter. There is no mystery whatever about what it is fashionable to call the paradox of over-production side by side with want. Workers in unprofitable industries cannot consume primary commodities because the industries in which they themselves are engaged are not producing goods available for exchange in the world's markets. To write, as the *Times* wrote the other day, as if there were behind this some inexplicable mystery is lamentable. It betrays precisely the intellectual failing in our late rulers which is responsible for the present crisis. As has been truly said, the French and the Americans are faced with budget deficits as serious, or nearly so, as our own. Yet there is no talk of a flight from the franc or the dollar. The reason is that both these countries have a more favourable trade balance which places at the disposal of their governments resources on which additional taxation can be levied with less hurt. Here again there is no mystery.

On what does a favourable trade balance depend? On two things. In the first place the industries supplying the home market must be able to do so at prices the home market can afford—in other words, no political party or group of capitalists or workmen must be able by political action or by exercising political pressure to force up prices or to hold up essential supplies and so disorganize the economic equilibrium. In the second place the industries catering for the export market must be able to produce at the world's prices—in other words, they must not be mulcted by the tax-gatherer or the supplier of light, transport and power to the point where they can only recoup themselves by selling above the world price level. Neither of these basic conditions is fulfilled to-day in this country. The result is an adverse trade balance which has to be set right before our credit is re-established.

The major error of our post-war policy has to be corrected before our trade balance can become healthy. This major error has been the taxation, direct or indirect, of industry in order to subsidize wages, in the apparent belief that there was some third party to industry who could be called upon to fulfil this electorally useful service. The public have by now come to believe in this mythical personage—called in our financial returns " the State "—and it will take a long time to make the public realize that " the State " in this sense is no more nor less than a myth. Yet so it is. And the truth has got to be told. " The State " subsidizing the rent of a workman is only in effect a lucky workman putting an unlucky workman out of a job. " The State " subsidizing health insurance benefits is only a sick workman taking a bit of the wages of a healthy workman. " The State " contributing a third of the unemployment insurance premiums is only the unemployed workman throwing a proportion of his otherwise more fortunate fellows into his own unfortunate state. Just so long as the man in the street conscientiously believes that there is a source from which

it is possible permanently to make good the difference between the value of the work put into a business and the amount the workman wishes to draw out in money wages and State-provided services, so long will our industries languish. That is why the first task of statesmen to-day is the reconditioning of industry. If "the State" cannot in the long run help the people, the people must be given the chance of helping themselves. A flourishing industrial and agricultural community can maintain its own systems of insurance and its own provision for old age. It can pay for its own roads, its own development services, its own scientific research; it needs no government guarantee behind its schemes for the development of electrical power, for instance, or land drainage, or housing. To subsidize these services on the ground that they cannot be paid for economically is not merely to waste money but to intensify the inability of society to afford them by throwing a crushing and an increasing burden of rates and taxes on industries which *ex hypothesi* are already unable to supply the legitimate needs (in terms of wages and capital for development) of those dependent on them for their livelihood.

We do not apologize for this elementary exposition of the situation. It is precisely this lesson in elementary economics which the country requires, and to-day there is an excellent opportunity of pressing it home. The first step to industrial and agricultural recovery is a tariff—not a revenue tariff but a protective tariff. **We do not wish to tax imports but to reduce them.** The second step is, however, equally vital. If the measure of trade revival which the imposition of a scientific tariff will bring is used to bolster up our present policies, our last state will be worse than the first. A tariff is a tax on the consumer for the benefit of the producer. The consumer cannot be taxed twice over, first to assist the producer to pay his way and then, over again, to supply him with additional benefits. A protected industry can pay adequate wages. If it cannot, it should not be protected

but drastically discouraged. We cannot afford parasitic industries. But industry and agriculture, once put on their feet, must stand alone. Research and development must cease to be a charge on the taxpayer. The subsidization of insurance must cease. We have to get back to the gospel of high wages. We have to turn our backs for ever on the gospel of low wages subsidized by State doles and bounties which represents the Socialist Utopia. But we have to be clear that high wages involve high responsibilities.

The failure to maintain the gold standard will neither alleviate nor increase the difficulties of economic recovery. A measure of inflation may assist our exports trades temporarily and further assist the trade balance by discouraging imports. **But it is essential to remember that our prosperity and our whole standard of life depend entirely on our capacity to buy our essential foodstuffs and raw materials in the world's markets at prices which enable us to sell to the world at a profit.** The failure to maintain the gold standard is not the cause but the result of our inability at present to afford these supplies which we so urgently require. The essential lesson is to concentrate on restoring our productivity; only when we can produce goods for export at the world's price-level will our purchasing power in the world's markets be restored. British credit can only rest on British enterprise. To restore British enterprise is the task which lies before the statesmen who to-day hold the balance of power and may soon control the machinery of government.

The Five Year Plan: Success or Failure?

By Viscount Brentford & Pembroke Wicks

THE Communist rulers of Russia, having hypnotized first themselves and next the whole Russian nation into believing that everything depends upon the Five Year Plan, are determined to convince the rest of the world that the success of their gigantic experiment is assured. Even the sacred precincts of a House of Commons Committee room have not escaped the propaganda efforts of the Soviet officials. It is therefore all the more necessary to submit such evidence as is available to very careful scrutiny, before we accept Soviet assertions at their face value.

The interest of the outside world in the Five Year Plan is two-fold. What will be the outcome of the first experiment on a large scale of State Socialism—or, to be more accurate, of State Capitalism—since the means of production and distribution in Russia are controlled, not by the nation, but by the ruling authorities to whom power has been delegated by the Communist party, consisting of less than one hundredth part of the population?

Will the Plan result in the increased prosperity of the inhabitants of the Soviet Union? Will it result in a restoration of Russia's finances? Will it terminate in complete collapse, or will it merely prolong the condition of economic semi-paralysis in which the Russian people are at present dragging out their weary existence?

Secondly, whether the Plan succeed or fail, what will be its effect upon world trade—and particularly the trade and industry of those countries in which Russian goods are offered for sale? And here be it noted that owing to our free trade system, it is in this country that Russia finds the principal market for her exports.

The design of the Five Year Plan is apparently innocent enough in itself. It is no more than a plan to build up in

Russia an industrial system commensurate with the vast natural resources of the country, and to provide an industrial population, sufficient in numbers to counterpoise the agricultural peasantry who have hitherto amounted to 83 per cent. of the inhabitants. Russia is one of the richest countries in the world in natural resources—possibly the richest. In size it occupies about one-sixth of the earth's surface and contains a population of 150 millions. That so large a unit should undertake the scientific and orderly development of its resources would be of unquestionable benefit to the rest of the world. Were Russia to take her proper place in the markets of the world, both hemispheres would benefit by the advent of a new and wealthy customer, in place of a backward and undeveloped country. There are, however, two main obstacles to the ultimate success of the scheme. First, the development will be neither orderly nor scientific: the Plan is no more than a cumbersome structure of "individual works without any technical or economic co-ordination." Secondly, the commercial methods of the Soviet Government, and the labour conditions which they have imposed upon the Russian people, are such as to constitute unfair competition in world trade, which is bound in the long run to defeat its own ends by arousing the active obstruction of all the countries in which Russia attempts to sell her goods. Already the dumping of timber and agricultural produce has provoked restrictive measures, actual or threatened, in the United States, Canada, France, Germany, Spain, and the Argentine. So soon as Russia becomes a serious competitor in the industrial field, all the great industrial nations will be obliged to protect themselves against the competition of her conscripted labour. It may be noted in passing that the confessed object of the Plan is to make Russia ultimately self-supporting—in order to enable her to carry out her plans of world-revolution without being hampered by her dependence on trade with foreign countries. Again,

many of the features of the Plan are dictated by military rather than by economic considerations. This applies especially to the metallurgical industry and to factories which are equally suitable for the manufacture of agricultural tractors or military transport and tanks.

The first obstacle to the success of the Plan is the lack of technical and economic co-ordination of the many schemes that are being attempted. The Russian Communists are aiming to build up a new economic system in a vast hurry—in place of the delicately balanced mechanism of individual competition, the product of the law of supply and demand. In such conditions serious mistakes are inevitable. Moreover, when operations are conducted on so large and unified a system the effects of mistakes are more serious and far-reaching than in an individualist society, where mistakes of policy affect only the firm responsible and do not react throughout a whole industry. Indeed, it is possible that the Plan is so ill-balanced that the whole structure will collapse.

An interesting example of bad economic planning is shown by the Magnetogorsk steel plant, now being constructed by American engineers on the Asiatic side of the Ural mountains. This gigantic undertaking is to be the second largest steel plant in the world. Its construction is already far advanced. The first two furnaces are to be in operation this autumn and the whole plant is to be in operation by the end of next year. There is no reason to doubt that the expert American contractors will complete their work within the scheduled time. The plant is being built to develop the vast deposits of magnetic ore in that district—probably the largest and richest in the world. But the scale on which the works have been built is utterly fantastic, in relation to the available coal supply. The ultimate capacity of the plant is to be 4 million tons of steel a year, the present contractors being under an obligation to make provision for an output of 3 million tons. The world's largest steel works

in Gary, Indiana, have a capacity of about 3½ million tons. The coal for Magnetogorsk is to be supplied from the Kuznetz Basin—1,500 miles away in Mid-Siberia—a distance nearly as far as that from Newcastle or Paris to Moscow. It is to be carried on a new railway now being built. Allowing a ratio of 4 tons of coal to one ton of steel, the annual consumption, if the works were in full operation, would be 12 million tons, or about 33,000 tons a day. We leave it to the railway experts to say whether such a feat is possible, day in day out, on a new railway 1,500 miles long—apart from the financial burden of 6,000 ton-miles of carriage on every ton of steel produced. But even were it physically possible, a very large number of locomotives and trucks would be necessary, and the permanent way carrying such continuous heavy traffic would require constant attention. Yet the railways and rolling stock in Russia are probably the worst in the world. Indeed, lack of adequate railway facilities is a fundamental obstacle to the carrying out of the Plan, apart from the particular problem of Magnetogorsk.

M. Kuibyshev, the Chairman of the State Planning Commission, was moved to declare in January: "The position is acute in regard to transport. The disorganization of the passenger traffic is known to everyone who has occasion to use the railways. The position with regard to goods traffic is no better. We now have enormous dumps of ore which is necessary for the development of our metallurgical industries: we have 2 million tons of grain which cannot be transported, and a huge quantity of goods which should be directed to the consumers lies idle."

Yet the Plan calls for the increase of railway transport to 330 million tons this year, as against 235 millions in 1930.

In the middle of August daily loadings were 25 per cent. behind the programme (*Izvestia*, Aug. 21, 1931).

One-fourth of the locomotives in the Soviet Union were out of repair in 1930, while in one month (February 1930) 1,220 locomotives broke down in transit, as against a total of 1,920 in the whole of the preceding year. The worn-out rolling stock of the Soviet Union is unable to bear the additional strain now being put upon it. In January and February the delivery of locomotives was 44 per cent. behind the Plan—of rails 36 per cent., and trucks 17 per cent. 30 million sleepers are required, including 20 millions for replacement—but of 10 million supposed to be laid in January and February only 1 million were delivered.

Yet, with the railways in this condition, it is planned to build a special railway 1,500 miles long, and provide the necessary rolling stock for carrying up to 33,000 tons of coal a day, over that immense distance, to a steel plant isolated from European Russia by the Ural mountains. Through failures of perspective of this character the gigantic schemes of the Soviet State Planning Department will break down.

The other great triumph of the Five Year Plan, the Dnieprostroi Dam, affords a second example of economic error on a large scale.

This Dam on the River Dnieper will be the largest plant in the world for the generation of electricity. It is being built by American engineers, whose world reputation is sufficient to justify the belief that the work will be carried out satisfactorily as nearly as possible to schedule time. Two of the nine giant turbines are to be in operation in the autumn of next year and the remainder in 1933. The plant when complete will be capable of generating 850,000 horse power, or an annual output of 2,500 million kilowatt hours. It will generate enough electricity to serve an industrial population of 8 millions—and yet the district to be served by it does not contain more than a million inhabitants. The rest of Russia is starving for supplies, while her transport

has been congested with the material required for the construction of this titanic undertaking. Over a million cubic metres (about 1½ million tons) of concrete have been laid on the site, and masses of machinery and equipment have been imported from America. When Dnieprostroi is completed there will be no factories to use the power produced and no population to man the factories when they are built. It is true that factories and dwelling houses are to be built at a cost of £80,000,000, and a population is to be moved to the neighbourhood—but this prodigious expansion, if it ever takes place, must clearly lag years behind the completion of the dam. In other words the Soviet authorities have been straining the financial, transport and labour resources of Russia to the utmost, to complete in record time a gigantic plant for the production of electrical power for which there is no immediate use.

Yet in other directions in which scientific development and equipment are urgently required and would have been of immediate and general benefit, nothing effective has been done. We have already referred to the inadequacy of the railways. The shortage of coal is equally serious. In spite of incessant efforts to increase production, the output of the principal Russian coalfield—the Don Basin—has proved insufficient for the increased demand for fuel called for by the Plan. In consequence fuel was severely rationed in Moscow last winter—and buildings were legally only required to be kept at a minimum temperature of 48 degrees Fahrenheit. During the first four months of this year the average output of the Donetz region was only two-thirds of the tonnage planned for. The main reasons for the failure to increase coal production are the length of time and the severe physical strain of the miners' journey from the surface to the coal-face, and, after this exhausting experience, the inhuman conditions in which the men are required to work. In the most highly mechanized mine in Russia there are no lift cages for the men, who have to crawl,

bent double, down sloping tunnels to reach their work. Yet a tenth part of the money and energy spent on the construction of Magnetogorsk and Dnieprostroi would have sufficed to sink shafts and construct galleries in the coal-mines of the Don Basin—and to supply the Russian railways with modern locomotives. In any scientifically planned scheme of industrialization efficient transport and adequate fuel supplies would be regarded as essentials—to be provided for before any other part of the scheme. But unfortunately for the Russian people, the mere repair of her existing railway system and the improvement of her existing coal mines were not sufficiently spectacular achievements to be given pride of place in the Five Year Plan.* That must be reserved, for propaganda purposes, for the World's Largest Power Plant and the Largest Steel Works in Europe.

We have cited the above examples of Magnetogorsk and Dnieprostroi, because the Soviet authorities hold them out to the world as convincing evidence that the Plan is succeeding. It is impossible to obtain detailed information about the innumerable smaller undertakings all over Russia—but one cannot avoid the suspicion that if this lack of economic perspective exists in the two largest projects of the Plan, similar defects will eventually be found to pervade the whole structure, and that the Plan, instead of being a scheme scientifically arranged to conform to the economic needs of the country in order of time and importance, consists to a large extent of un-co-ordinated and conflicting schemes, competing with one another for the available resources in material, labour, transport, and finance.

* The Research Bureau of Birmingham University in their Memorandum of May 31st give interesting details of the failure to deal promptly and scientifically with the question of coal supply. It has at last dawned upon the Soviet authorities that their plans will be seriously upset by the shortage of coal. A belated decree was passed on August 15 by the Central Committee of the Communist party, containing regulations for increased production and making some provision for development work—a precaution which should have been taken three years ago.

Next month we will examine the two other outstanding features of Russian economy—an acute shortage of skilled workers and an almost unlimited supply of unskilled labour working at far lower rates—reckoned in terms of real wages—than in any other Western country. Each of these phenomena has an important bearing on the commercial prospects of the Five Year Plan.

(*To be continued.*)

May Morning

By Laurence Binyon

OVER all the water'd vale
Shadows of the clouds trail:
Then the sun laughs out, and sheen
Trembles vivid on the green.
Radiant the fresh beeches tower.
Young the leaf is, young the flower.
Blue-bells scent the coppice-nooks;
Ripple of the hidden brooks
Veins the silence with delight.
On the thorn, buds open white.
Sudden trills from birds around
Sprinkle the blue air with sound.

England, through whose fields I stray
In the heavenly-colour'd May,
England old with mounded green
Where the vanisht race hath been,
Gray hamlets with their flavour'd names,
And towers of forgotten fames;
England, lost in histories
Older than her oldest trees,
England, where my blood began,
Moulding childhood into man,
Comes to-day before mine eyes
Like a new-found Paradise.

Yet I wonder not at this
Wonder, that is half of bliss.
For I have looked into Love's eyes
Long, and Love has made me wise.
Such another May it was
Made a glory of the grass
When our lips together drew
And our secret first we knew.
Old in love, my heart is young;
Wonders still I move among.
This marred world, when she is by,
Is water'd vales and singing sky.

Mei Lan-fang

By Stella Benson

MEI Lan-fang seemed rather a stranger at a Hongkong tea-party, yet he looked serene, and even pleased, sitting very straight on the sofa with his hands folded and his knees close together under his lavender silk skirt, like an English Real Lady. There can be no true occidental equivalent to Mei Lan-fang; though he is probably the greatest Chinese actor of recorded times, one cannot call him the Chinese Henry Irving—for who could imagine Irving as Ophelia?—to call Mei Lan-fang a "female impersonator" is to conjure up before the English eye a fatal Widow Twankey vision. But it doesn't matter very much that we can't relate him to anything we know, since to relate the unknown to the known is an unsuccessful experiment anyway. To call a camel the Ship of the Desert does not help sailors to visualize camels or sheiks to imagine ships. Mei Lan-fang on the stage corresponds to nothing that any of us ever knew before we saw him.

But Mei Lan-fang on a sofa at a Hongkong tea-party corresponds certainly to what we might expect a Chinese young man at an English tea-party to be. He is a very courteous, smooth, rather conventional, complaisant young man—a story-book Chinese type—(not, of course, the Mr. Wu story-book type, but the "inscrutable, bland, philosophic" type). If he were in a story in a glossy American magazine, he would say, "Know, then, O stranger from the West, that my Honourable Father, on whose ashes be forever peace, laid upon me the thrice-sacred duty of following his highly respectworthy foot-steps in the lily-footed profession—yea, even before eleven springs had blossomed above my unworthy pigtail," etc., etc. Actually, however, this extremely fatiguing conversational style is confined to the glossier transatlantic magazines, and a close translation of what Mei Lan-fang said about his early career—he speaks only Peking Chinese—would be, "My father was

also an actor. When I was eleven I mounted the stage. My teachers had taught me three plays. The first time I played I was very much frightened. No, not of the audience; I was not afraid *in front*, I was afraid *behind*. The audience would expect little, thinking only, 'Here is a new small boy actor.' But my teachers expected me to do them credit, so I was afraid of them." A little shrill tremulous Mei Lan-fang of eleven, mounting the stage with his ears turned backwards for a scolding, is a vision to wring the heart. But one realizes on second thoughts that such an early start is not more than must be necessary in the acquirement of a craft so exact as Chinese acting. The movement even of every finger must be not only according to a strict tradition but also more or less difficult; every change of posture must involve a kind of fluent sleight-of-body. Spontaneity is to be fought all along the line.

The *stunt* quality of Chinese acting is, I understand, the principal difference between the Chinese and Western forms of dramatic art. In Europe, the only stunt we expect of our actors and actresses is the skill that enables them to immerse their identities in the personalities they represent. In China this is not enough; the Chinese public demands a *tour-de-force*—really a physical *tour-de-force*. While the Western audience asks to be allowed to *forget* the actor's skill—to forget that he is acting at all—the Chinese audience demands to be *reminded* of it. Naturalism, to Chinese audiences, is tame, one gathers. Even a hand must be carried in such a way as to look not simply like a *hand*, but like a *trained actor's hand*. The training must *show*, at all costs. Mei Lan-fang, for instance, politely rallied by one of us on the subject of the noise and harshness (to Western ears) of Chinese theatrical music, agreed with us that it was fatiguing to sensitive ears. But the public insists, he said, on noisy music as another obstacle, so to speak, for the skill of the actor to surmount. The public does not feel it has had its money's-worth unless the actor's voice—

specially intensified by long training—can be heard above a musical din that would drown a mere natural voice. Mei Lan-fang himself always discards percussion music as far as the public will allow him to do so; he sings to flutes or quiet strings by choice, and only occasionally employs the drums, wooden clackers, cymbals, and other orchestral explosives, in order to show that the cooing dove *can* roar like a lion if it wants to.

Mei Lan-fang has, he claims, a personal leaning towards naturalism, though it would probably be imperceptible to the European eye. He has evolved gestures and postures for himself, not always relying on the traditional convention. He insists on some slight measure of choice in the matter of stage clothes; innovation of shape, cut, or ornament, even in the smallest detail, he says, is not possible, but innovation in colour he does find it possible occasionally to introduce. The quality of unchangeableness is not, we must understand, to be considered as a *defect* in Chinese drama—it is an *essential*. To challenge tradition is to challenge the thing itself. Modern, naturalistic acting does exist in China—plays written round stories of to-day are enjoyed by foreign-educated Chinese students and by other sections of the public; the young people in Chinese colleges and schools are fond both of writing and acting such experimental plays. But to Mei Lan-fang this naturalistic unbridled acting does not seem like acting at all; it has, he says, no scholarship or skill in it—by which I suppose he means that there is no *stunt* quality about it. It is a waste of time, I suppose, for people to behave, on the stage, like ordinary everyday human beings—they can do that anywhere!

When Mei Lan-fang says that the pressure of public opinion obliges him to act "modern plays" though he prefers "historical" ones, he means by "modern" a dramatic interloper not more than a few hundred years old—a play founded on a "modern" novel by a Chinese contemporary of Shakespeare's perhaps. In other words,

some " topical " problem play written since the birth of Christ, dealing with some such moral matter as a faithful wife—a devoted son—a self-sacrificing servant—a self-immolating daughter—approximately human types. He prefers a " historical play "—one founded on the incredibly ancient records of China, dealing with the days when the shadows of gods might at any time fall across the doors of imperial pavilions—when ordinary people were not invented, and only the voices of supermen and sub-men were heard upon the air of a young world. Outside of these two categories, plays, one gathers, are not really plays at all, in Mei Lan-fang's eyes. He has seen American plays in New York, but said simply that he did not understand them. I am sure that he meant not only that he could not understand the English words, but that he could not express an opinion on a technique so untechnical. He says he has written plays himself; I should think they must surely be modelled on traditional lines, but he did not enlarge on his activities as a playwright. He added instead that he also painted pictures. I have before me as I write a reproduction of one of his pictures—a scene showing two sparrows arguing on a broken bamboo crest. I know nothing about Chinese painting, but I would swear that those sparrows are traditional sparrows—born into Chinese art long before their price was fixed at five for a farthing by words spoken on a hillside in Palestine. Mei Lan-fang, I feel sure, would never deign to paint a modern, untraditional sparrow.

Mei Lan-fang has recently been to the United States, and intends soon to come to Europe. He went to America merely to see the world—did not expect engagements or hope to increase his reputation—(he is genuinely modest)—but to his surprise he had great professional success there. His season ran for six weeks in New York, and he played in most of the other principal cities to enthusiastic audiences. He does not seem to count on repeating these successes in Europe; he does not seem aware that his

reputation is international. He wants to come to Europe "to increase his knowledge" and especially to get to know England, France, Germany and Spain.

We went on the evening of the tea-party to see Mei Lan-fang act in a Chinese theatre in Hongkong. We arrived an hour before he was due to appear on the stage, and found a portentous curtain-raiser in progress—a series of marchings in and marchings out by monstrously elaborate gods, emperors, generals, and vermilion-and-black-faced barbarians. All these eminent persons wore horsehair beards strung tautly across their upper lips and hanging to their waists. All their chantings—in a false, but not falsetto voice—were accompanied by deafening percussion music from a concealed orchestra, and any specially long-drawn-out sustained quaver or particularly piercing phrase was greeted with loud applause. ("Couldn't have done that myself," thought the audience, "so it must be pretty good.") Much of the action was very inactive; the characters engaged in endless earsplitting musical arguments while sitting on chairs beside a table. Or rather (Chinese actors rarely *sit*—to do so would be too difficult in rigidly elaborate robes encrusted with metallic embroideries) with knees bent slightly apart and feet turned unnaturally outwards, they lean their behinds on chairs, the seats of which, already high, are made higher by a multiplicity of hard scarlet cushions piled up by the watchful property men. Each actor, having, I suppose, a different length of leg, needed a different number of cushions, and the property men were kept busy removing a cushion here and adding one there to suit the varying spinal requirements of the divine and imperial debaters. Property men also had to be constantly ready with cups of tea; the drinking of tea by an actor, being a naturalistic act, was modestly concealed from us by the raising of a voluminous sleeve, as screen.

All these actors were a little larger than life-size, having added to their stature by means of immensely

thick white felt soles on their elaborate boots. Occasionally ponderous movement took place; journeys were undertaken or wars were entered upon. To emperors and generals about to mount horses, the property men handed tasselled canes—white, black or red, denoting the colour of the horse; a horseman on dismounting would hand this cane to a property man and have the horse led away. Only gods have the right to carry horsehair fly-switches. Only enemies from barbarous foreign lands wear two immensely long pheasant-feathers leaning backwards from their head-dresses, tickling the noses of property men. Only generals on active service may have four flags attached at a steep angle to their shoulder blades. Only comic men may have their noses whitened with chalk—that is all they need do to show they are funny men; the making of jokes is not, apparently, essential. The whole audience knows these things, just as thoroughly as it knows the story that is being presented to it. Nobody really needs to pay close attention—unless the attention is caught by some conspicuously successful stunt of voice or gesture.

The assassination of an emperor was announced in the programme, and we hoped for a little morbid sensationalism, but the crime remained imperceptible as far as we were concerned. However, we did not see the end of this scene, for at this point Mei Lan-fang sent his secretary to lead us behind the stage. We followed this obliging young man in and out and up and down and finally into a huge barn-like gallery behind the stage. The wordy assassination could still be heard proceeding just behind the two strips of embroidery that covered the two doors at the corners of the stage. All round us were tall, stilted, ponderous superhuman dummies passively allowing themselves to be dressed or undressed by knots of little human men. The barbarian king towered over me; his face was so thickly painted as to look like a mask, even at close quarters. Wide black and scarlet stripes radiated from his nose, which was painted to assume the shape of a

fat scarlet shamrock upside down—or ace of clubs. It was quite startling to meet a mild glance from his little ordinary eyes, between those wide wicked gorgeous stripes and under that terrific stiff pom-pommed sunburst of a hat. Near us was an actor being dressed as a girl, with a narrow structure of wired spangles and pom-poms leaning forward over his eyebrows like a budding unicorn's horn.

Mei Lan-fang swept down some stairs towards us, dressed as a girl, and looking most beautiful and ethereal—even at close quarters—so fine-grained was his pale make-up. He wore a more elaborate form of the same steepling head-dress as the other female impersonator (who was to be his maidservant). Mei Lan-fang's head-dress, however, was more delicate; it was studded with pearls on a foundation of dark piled hair and silk hood. He had a knee-length pale-pink coat on, and a white embroidered skirt that touched the ground; at the back of the skirt he wore what looked like a sublimated apron worn behind instead of before, in pale blue; over his delicate powdered hands fell very long soft white silk inner sleeves. He gave us photographs of himself and books in English explaining his art. He apologized for the disorder behind the scenes (it was much tidier than we had expected). The story of his play, it seemed, was rather a thin one—about a young and lovely girl who watched the blossoms falling from a flowering tree, and, sending for suitable implements, swept the blossoms together into a pile and burned them. This deed she treated as a symbol of the transience of youth and beauty, and she mourned over this thought. We hurried back to our seats in the auditorium to see this sensational plot unfolded.

It seemed to be a little complicated by something for which Mei Lan-fang had not prepared us—a sort of prologue during which a male official—(a censor?)—reading through some books, came across a story which amused him very much, in a not very refined way, one imagined. He departed, still crowing with coarse

laughter. The violent music was muted to a reedy errant fluting, and Mei Lan-fang appeared—a boneless, willowy ghost of colour, posturing in faintly stained-glass—faintly Egyptian—faintly pre-Raphaelite attitudes—one shoulder raised—head sloped the other way—one hand hidden on breast, one delicate draped arm bent and beckoning shoulder high—never a straight spine, never a convex bosom. Pose flowed into pose; there was no abrupt change; the only muscles that showed a suspicion of effort were the hand muscles. Whenever the hands were seen they were always held in the same way—index finger so rigidly straight that it was *not* straight but bent backwards—other fingers rounded inwards, like curled shavings of ivory. But the hands were only rarely seen; they were hidden in the long white sleeves. Great play was made with these sleeves—they drooped—they were flicked back with a floating gesture—they blew on a swirl into the air—they veiled a coy face—they hung down, crossed upon the bosom, at curious ethereal angles.

Great play also was made with the eyes, which were painted very large. Mei Lan-fang was singing all the time in a very high, slightly creaking but sweet falsetto; singing at this incredible pitch, it must be remembered, is a sustained physical effort. The singing kept the lips busy, and all the changing expression of the face was therefore left to the large, long, heavy-lidded eyes. Reflected in those surprised, brooding eyes we saw the blossoms fall from bough to floor; we saw the sad symbolism born in the fancy behind the eyes, and as the scheme to give that symbolism point materialized, a delicate tyranny beamed from the eyes upon the devoted squeaking maidservant. The mistress ordered that tools for her task be fetched, and while the maid was away finding these things, there was a not altogether comprehensible interlude between the lady and the vulgar official. He entered, still obsessed with the funny stories in his book. On seeing the lady, he was so rash as to give her a book to read. She sat bent gracefully over it, lost in the story but completely

unamused; now and then she sighed as though with rapture. The official cackled on, but was suddenly interrupted by the anger of the lady. She reared up like an offended doe and drove the tactless wag from the stage. Had she come to the pornographic bit of the story? We shall never know. Mei Lan-fang had not warned us of this complication. However, the servant returned, bringing toy gardening implements suited for the princess of a fairy story. Leaning this way, drooping that way—tottering here, wilting there—sketched lightly upon the limelight in the shape of an interrogation mark in pearly smoke—the lady engaged in a sort of sublimation of garden-work. Scrape with hoe—sweep with broom—collect petals in a green silk sack—half the work was done; then a limp tottering brought her to the opposite corner of the stage, and the process was reversed —tip petals out of the green silk sack — sweep with broom—scrape with hoe. One petal was evidently caught in the mouth of the sack, and the curled ivory fingers picked it expressively off, as neatly as a monkey picks a flea from a friend. Then the flame was kindled. The heavy anguished eyes followed the flame upwards —the smoke still higher—and then were lowered to the ashes. The deed was done.

The lady sat and mourned loudly in song the sorrow she herself had created—a spider, spinning a cocoon of sorrow from its own breast. She sang variations on a wailing theme; it had no words but ah—ah—; it grew more and more stunt-like; its scale mounted and widened; the notes were exhaled at greater and greater length without a breath being taken in; punctuation by admiring applause of a stunt well achieved became more and more frequent. After about half an hour of this elaborate coloratura wailing, during which the singer never once held one pose for more than a second or two, the variations of this falsetto dirge theme were apparently exhausted. The lady, weeping exquisitely into her sleeve, was supported from the stage by her vulgarly

bewildered maid, who may well have wondered what was the reason of all this crying over a few spilt peach-blossoms.

As I came out into the street, it seemed to me that everybody seemed coarsely natural. People looked—well, it seemed almost indecent—they looked almost as if they had bones, flesh, blood, and muscles inside them. I had forgotten that such vulgarities existed.

A National Fuel Policy

By Captain Bernard Acworth

WITH the scrapping of our five coal-burning vessels, the "Iron Duke" class and "Tiger," the Royal Navy has brought to full fruition the short-sighted schemes of Lord Fisher. Oil is now our master; our freedom has gone. It may not, therefore, be out of place to recount briefly the strange history that has led the Navy into the extraordinary predicament in which it is now landed. The term "landed" is used advisedly because it aptly expresses the state in which we may very easily find ourselves if, for one reason or another, sooner or later, the alien hands that now control the Navy turn off the tap.

Proposals to use petroleum for the propulsion of our ships were first made by the late Admiral Selwyn about fifty years ago, but they were frustrated from various causes. Twenty years later, in 1895, another pioneer appeared before the shipping world, Mr. Marcus Samuel, who had secured a concession in Borneo of oil-bearing land and who was resolved to find a market for the oil by developing methods of consuming it in the production of power. It is due to Lord Fisher that oil has replaced coal in the Navy and, greatly by the Navy's example, in the Merchant Marine. Writing to Sir Marcus Samuel, in 1911, he said: "What I am driving at is oil alone for fuel and the introduction of warships with the internal-combustion propulsion." His ambition for the Navy with the internal-combustion engine has, for good and sufficient technical reasons, been brought to nought, but his passion for oil has been gratified.

In the years 1911 and 1912 the proposals of Sir Marcus Samuel had mastered the mind of Lord Fisher. The scheme by which the Navy now finds itself enslaved to a foreign fuel was perhaps the most extraordinary reform—or revolution—that characterized naval policy in the ten years preceding the war. A Royal Commission on oil, to allay the widespread criticism of the proposed

fuel policy, was appointed by the Liberal Government, and this mysterious Commission commenced its sittings on September 24, 1912. The decision to discard British coal had, however, been reached by the indefatigable Lord Fisher in advance of the assembling of this muzzled Commission, the views of which never saw the light of day, or reached the ears of the country, notwithstanding the urgent efforts of anxious and patriotic members of the House of Commons, of all Parties, who foresaw clearly the grave dangers we were inviting and with which we are now faced.

On September 14, 1912, Lord Fisher wrote: "This Royal Commission is a wonder! We have our first meeting on September 24, and practically it is finished, though it will go on for years and years and never submit a report." It didn't. "You will love the *modus operandi* when some day I expound it to you." He further wrote: "I've got enthusiastic colleagues in the oil business! They're all bitten! Internal Combustion Engine rabies!" And this was the supposedly-judicial man who was engineered into the chairmanship of the Royal Commission on the Navy's, and therefore the Nation's, life-blood. Mercifully, as all will allow who are aware of the oil scare over our oil-burners in the war, the change had not the time in which to mature before the storm broke, though now, with the scrapping of the "Iron Dukes" and "Tiger," it has come to full fruition.

That, very briefly, is the story of how the control of the freedom of the Royal Navy has, in 1931, passed into foreign hands, for it is incapable of movement without a vast and sustained supply of foreign fuel, approximately 80 per cent. of which is under the direct control of America, who can hold it to ransom or stop supplies; 2 per cent. of which is drawn from the British Empire, and the remainder of which, in the Middle East, is a source of recurring international friction and intrigue. Not only is this Middle East Oil—the question of its tapping or conservation, and the location of the pipe-

lines—a source of friction and intrigue between the strategical and financial interests involved, but the pipe-line is at the mercy of Russia or of those Arabs whom England and France have bombed systematically for eight years. Countless millions have been sunk in this concession plague-spot of Arabia and yet it is true that a few hostile Arabs, or a hand-placed bomb carried in a single aeroplane from any country, can cause the oil to flow, not into British tankers in Jewish ports, but into the desert sands. The story is not a pleasant one, but there it is, and the sympathy of all must go out to those who have to bear the terrible responsibilities laid upon their shoulders by their predecessors.

Facile optimism, so characteristic of these devitalized times, may be disposed to think that the danger of interception at the source of our fuel supply is exaggerated. It may look with confidence on that small fuel reserve which the Admiralty regards as inadequate for the Navy, and which takes no account of the veritable river of oil now needed by the Air Force, if its aeroplanes are to fly; by the Army, if it is to mobilize, let alone to fight abroad; by a third of the Merchant Marine if it is to supply the Nation; and by a great and growing proportion of our transport and of what little industry will soon be left to us. This same facile optimism may believe that this trifling reserve will be augmented in war, and the oil-river maintained on the High Seas, by the Navy. To meet these optimists let us, for argument's sake, allow the oil to reach the tankers in foreign ports. We shall clearly need Tanker Convoys, and many of them, and because oil and food convoys will not synchronize, we clearly need a greatly increased cruiser fleet for the protection of oil, now more vital than food, because we can defend our food if we can move our ships, but if oil is intercepted we are utterly lost. But we are at the same time reducing our cruiser fleet to a shadow of that cruiser fleet found to be dangerously inadequate in the late war, when the protection needed for oil was relatively

trifling. If we increase our fleet, on the other hand, we increase our needs and the Navy's responsibilities, and thus the vicious circle goes on expanding, but never breaking.

It has been said that the other nations, with the exception of America and Russia, are in the same state of bondage. That is so—a state of affairs which is leading to a nervous, and therefore dangerous, tension. But do a dozen blacks make a white? And to what other nation is its Navy all in all? Others have exasperatingly argued that because we depend on food from overseas, we may as well depend on foreigners (a different thing) for oil. Did Long John Silver amputate his second leg to match the non-existent one? On the contrary, he modified his weakness on one side with a crutch, as we can do with home-grown food, and fought like a devil on one sound leg, as we can do if the need arises, and some day it will, if we keep the Navy strong and free.

I will not labour our strategical danger further, and I will do no more than refer to the economic collapse which this extraordinary oil craze has fathered. That "hushed, attentive audience" which Lord Fisher was rhetorically promised for his oil policy he now can witness, in part, from another world. The coal industry, and, therefore, all basic industry, is truly "hushed"—let us hope that the country will soon be "attentive." It would be most unfair not to acknowledge the public spirit with which the oil industry has ranged itself on the side of those who urge immediate action in freeing the nation from those shackles which are as fatal to the country's freedom and prosperity as is oil on the wings of a naturally soaring and freedom-loving bird.

There are two remedies, and two only, for the state in which we wallow. One, and the one favoured by oil protagonists, is the conversion of coal into oil. The other is the remarkably simple remedy of using, in its natural state when properly washed and sized where necessary, that coal upon which we are daily walking

and which Englishmen are being sedulously taught to despise.

The carefully fostered belief of the public that coal can economically be converted into oil in vast quantities is a delusion that finds its counterpart in the credulity that gave birth to that amazing phenomenon, the South Sea Bubble. Professors, held up to ridicule by Swift in " Gulliver's Voyage to the Flying Island of Laputa," but now raised once again to the seats of false gods, have bewitched a country, always ready to believe in the wildest of wild-cat schemes if described as " scientific," into believing that " research " can create wealth out of rubbish, transmute lead into gold, or reverse the classical sunbeam process by converting our inexhaustible sunbeams of coal into cold, clammy and insignificant cucumbers.

We all know the story of the South Sea Bubble, during which specious prosperity poor men in their thousands owned carriages, as to-day they own motor-cars, but to-day's Bubble is incomparably graver. In the South Sea Bubble private fortunes alone were involved, whereas to-day these vast " research " projects—Airships, Empire Air-Linking, Oil from Coal, and so forth—are carried on, as is road transport very largely, at public charges, involving national insolvency and not merely private pockets.

That the extraction of oil from coal by distillation, or its conversion into oil by hydrogenation, are technically possible is perfectly true. The cost of the process in the case of hydrogenation, and the residual and unmarketable " slag heap " that remains after 16 gallons of " tar-oil " have been extracted by the low-temperature process are, however, impenetrable barriers to economic success, a fact recently confirmed in the ENGLISH REVIEW by so great an expert as Mr. Alwyne Meade and by Sir Richard Redmayne in *The Times*, where he challenges Professor Donnan and the Project of Imperial Chemicals. Now Professor Armstrong has powerfully re-enforced the urgent need for caution. Space does not permit of

re-enforcing with figures and facts the evidence of these distinguished and disinterested authorities. It is sufficient only to wish Imperial Chemicals and the Distillation companies God speed and the quiet and private enjoyment of those fortunes which at present they wish to share with the nation in return for a new outpouring of public funds, as in the case of two other ruinous oil-using enterprises—road transport and commercial flying—which have absorbed in the past, and will, if continued on their present basis, absorb in the future vast, indeed almost staggering, sums of public money. Indeed, this new form of foreign capitalistic socialism has probably contributed more to our collapse than the sickly and sentimental socialism of the native variety.

If, then, oil from coal, keenly supported by the oil trade, is an interested red-herring trailed across the track of an early restoration of coal as the universal British fuel at sea, what handicaps, if any, will British men-of-war and merchant ships be called upon to face if they revert to coal, admittedly the only other alternative to continued dependence on foreign oil? First and foremost, on a similar tonnage, some reduction of speed or radius of action, but not necessarily both, must be faced. Without repeating my arguments, powerfully reinforced by Admiral Sir Reginald Custance and other authorities of European reputation, speed above that point at which increased horse-power fails to give a corresponding increase of speed, is a source of weakness in men-of-war and of economic failure in merchant ships. Excessive speed is, in short, definitely undesirable.

More stokers and firemen will be required, it is true, in coal-burning ships, but the unemployment of seafaring men is a tragedy and the excess of stokers in coal-fired ships is only marked when excessive, and therefore uneconomical, horse-powers are employed.

The greater exertion of stoking and shipping coal has only to be mentioned to be welcomed rather than deplored.

More labour and time is needed to get coal from

outlying bunkers to the furnaces, but in time of war ships would use this outlying coal for ordinary steaming, reserving the bunkers round the boiler-rooms, as did the *Goeben* in her memorable escape, for emergencies. A few extra watertight doors through bulkheads are needed, but these are not necessarily sources of constructional weakness.

Against minor advantages of oil are to be set the following definite advantages of coal, disregarding altogether cheapness, security of supply, and the overwhelming economic advantages: Protection from gunfire; healthiness; training of officers and men in seamanship, self-reliance and hardihood; reduced fire risk; greater cheapness of construction; less care and maintenance of bunkers to balance greater care and maintenance of boilers.

In merchant ships the use of coal at sea eliminates that vast half-time tanker tonnage, tankers, unfit for any other cargo, spending half their life in ballast. Colliers are whole-timers because coal, though black, is perfectly healthy, whereas oil is poisonous in ships and destructive of life, and a source of unspeakable filth, when discharged into the sea.

In the preceding pages I have discussed at some length the case for coal at sea, in men-of-war and merchantmen, and in my short but sharp criticism of the growing tendency to accept subsidy as the right and prerogative of the oil trade enterprises—road transport, "commercial" aviation, and the extraction of oil from coal—I have indicated certain reforms which seem to be desirable. Before concluding with an outline of what should be, in my view, our national fuel policy, it seems desirable to refer briefly to the new grandiose scheme of electrifying the main lines at a cost of £350,000,000, as recommended by Lord Weir and severely criticized by Mr. Harold Cox, Lord Banbury, and other competent authorities. The scheme seems to be the natural child of another subsidized State enterprise, the great British

railway systems being massacred at public charges to make an Electricity Commissioners' holiday. We are told that there is no other means of meeting subsidized road transport and resuscitating the railways: but who, in the name of common sense, supposes that an extra person is going to travel or send goods by rail because the motive power is electric instead of steam? What, it may be asked, is wrong with the Cornish Riviera Express, a magnificent train that, with efficient administration and locomotive design, can be emulated on all runs in Great Britain. It is again significant that, in the usual quarters, quarters that exhort the railways to "take to the roads," or "to the air," the whisper has started that Diesel electric—that is to say, oil—is the future means of railway haulage because it is, to use what is becoming a national parrot-cry, "progressive."

To conclude. What should be the outstanding features of a sound national fuel policy? Surely as follows:—

1. The gradual restoration of coal as the Navy's fuel, a start being made on this year's new construction.

2. The gradual restoration of coal in the Merchant Marine.

3. The immediate increase of road vehicle taxation to the point at which the roads become self-supporting, both for business and pleasure. Horse-drawn vehicles, bicycles and perambulators, donkey carts and bath-chairs, should all pay a tax relative to the very slight wear and tear they involve. The tax on motor vehicles should be chiefly on the oil they use, thus allowing a proper balance to be struck between service and taxation.

4. The immediate withdrawal of all subsidy to "commercial" aviation and flying clubs.

5. The withdrawal of all subsidy and public support to projects for the extraction of oil from coal. Private enterprise can be trusted to do all in this line that is economically possible.

6. The abandonment of the electrification of the main lines, thus leaving the grandiose "Electrical

Grid" to stew in its own superfluous current, rendered superfluous, as usual, by the artificial stimulation which subsidy from public funds inevitably entails.

7. The early re-adaptation of all shore furnaces to burn coal.

Here, surely, is a national fuel policy that must be sound because it is brought sharply back from the bog of socialist theory to the touchstone of natural economics. No tariff is necessary—no hardship or unfairness is imposed on the oil trade, the greatly increased tax on petrol for road transport being for road-charge purposes, and thus, on the principle of self-support only, stimulating to the unsubsidized railways and thus to the coal industry and the basic industries, all, again, unsubsidized.

By such means, and by such alone, can we find a true solution for the growing transport chaos involving, as it does, an annual casualty list the equivalent of a continuous Boer War.

A cessation of the "sweetening" of private enterprise by almost unlimited subsidy from the public purse, and the restoration of our belief in the laws of supply and demand as opposed to the present practice of the over-stimulation of demand by the subsidizing of supply would, I have little doubt, speedily usher in a golden age of transport in which traffic would naturally gravitate to those "common carriers" best suited by freight-charge and speed to the particular goods and passengers that require transportation.

Not only should we have just enough of all forms of transport, and thus a delightful variety in moderation, but we should have taken the first drastic step in the recovery of prosperity. But does the Conservative Party, unlike the Modernist Liberal Party, really believe in individuality and private enterprise, or is every modern man and woman now a socialist? There's the rub.

Joseph Hergesheimer: An Appreciation

By Geoffrey West

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER I believe to be the most considerable artist writing in America to-day. Certainly criticism has accorded him altogether less than his due, and many still regard him as little more than a costume novelist avoiding modern realities by writing of romantic yesterdays; and who, when he does venture into the present, confines himself to the alcoholic or amatory activities of minor parasitic groups. It is a notion true in scarcely any respect. He may write of the past, and his characters in general are unlikely, while current ideas prevail, to become Sunday-school examples; but that they, and the books in which they appear, have an immediate value for the present, this essay seeks to show. It is also claimed for him incidentally that in his work, regarded as a whole, he has provided a panorama of a changing and developing America, practically over two hundred years, which is unequalled in its vivid and vital rendering of the life of the successive periods; and that he is, indeed, on every plane a realist, in essence if not in method, who can on occasion be as brutally precise as a Dreiser or Hemingway.

Admittedly he has at times given weapons to those who would accuse him of a dilettante indifference. Necessarily as human being and as artist he reacts against an environment almost overwhelmingly inimical to all he stands for; and there creeps even into his confession of æsthetic faith a note of conscious defiance of mass-produced, standardized democracy with its passion for conformance, prohibition, and uplift: "I have been spared the dreary and impertinent business of improving the world; the whole discharge of my responsibility was contained in the imperative obligation to see with relative truth, to put down the colours and

scents and emotions of existence"—to give permanence to beauty, create "an amber in which beautiful and fragile things are kept for ever in a lovely glow. That is all, and it is enough." But if any think that by beauty he means no more than simple prettiness, let them read that passage in "Linda Condon" where the sculptor Pleydon shows to Linda his bronze bust of a charwoman:

> "It was the head and part of the shoulders of a very old woman, infinitely worn, starved by want and spent in brutal labour. There was a thin wisp of hair pinned in a meagre knot on her skull; her bones were mercilessly indicated, barely covered with drum-like skin; her mouth was stamped with timid humility; while her eyes peered weakly from their sunken depths.
>
> "'Well?' he demanded, interrogating her in the interest of his work.
>
> "'I—I suppose it's perfectly done,' she replied, at a loss for a satisfactory appreciation. 'It's true, certainly. But isn't it more unpleasant than necessary?' Pleydon smiled patiently. 'Beauty,' he said, with his mobile gesture. 'Pity, *katharsis*—the wringing out of all dross . . . Haven't you seen her going home in the March slush of a city? Did you notice the gaps in her shoes, the ragged shawl about a body twisted with forty, fifty, sixty years of wet stone floors and steps? Did you wonder what she had for supper? . . . Well, to realize all that, to feel the degradation of her nature, to lie, sick with exhaustion, on the broken slats of her bed under a ravelled-out travesty of a quilt, and get up morning after morning in an iron winter dark—to experience that in your spirit and put it into durable metal, hard stone—is to hold beauty in your hands."

Why, then, does he not write of charwomen? Art, he answers, must "rest on some universal and fundamental fact. If that fact is present the manner of representation, the materials or the style, are unimportant." Let that "fact" be defined, and the apparent contradiction will be at least illuminated. Essentially it is in Hergesheimer's case his sense of "the inescapable fate of the human race," his vision of all life as "a hard-gained courage and loveliness consigned, like the vilest faults, to the same eternal blackness." Where, in the

face of that, he asks in effect, can exist the possibility of human happiness—and means thereby individual happiness, for he sets no faith in vague Wellsian dreams of the ultimate triumph of some impersonal Mind of the Race justifying all the failures, the futile lives, of the past. Consciousness is personal, and every ponderable value born in and of an individual superiority manifesting itself as a personal vitality of being: a courage in men, a beauty in women.

Thus from the overwhelming fact of universal death he turns to "the heroic spectacle" of individual life, men "pinned by fatality to earth but for ever struggling for release," transcending the assaults of existence by virtue of a personal integrity, absolute, incomparable, unique. This conception of integrity as an inward honour, an obligation of courage and character sustained to the end, which a man will defend with his life because in the last resort it is the spirit of manhood within him, is the key to any true understanding of Hergesheimer's work.

Man, for him, rises above the physical destruction of death as he prefers it to the spiritual destruction of dishonour. He lives: he strikes the clear note of integrity, or the cracked note of self-betrayal; he creates, or does not create, his value: the end is, in either case, "a succeeding immensity of silence." A simple theme, and therefore most impressive when most starkly rendered. "It is only the path of pure simplicity which guards and preserves the spirit," Hergesheimer has quoted, and in most of his books he has followed that difficult road faithfully. How is it, then, we ask again, that the casual reader is so much more likely to be struck by the luxury of his settings, the profusion of his sensuous detail, the elaborate formality of his social backgrounds, than by any appearance of simplicity? The fact is that in him the soul of a stoic is linked with the temperament of an epicurean. Spiritually he is indifferent to luxury; temperamentally it

attracts him, though the influence of his more fundamental self is apparent in the discipline of formality he imposes.

And here, since they arise directly from the foregoing paragraphs, we may note three reasons at least why he tends to write of the past rather than the present. First there is his belief in value as the product of personality. In America to-day, as in no other country except Russia, the group and the community impose their standards to eradicate individualism in every sphere. Hergesheimer's books are essentially a protest against that tendency. He has no faith in a democracy giving power to ignorance or cunning; rather, he has grasped the higher truth that the only possible democracy is a democracy of aristocrats, of genuine individuals. Again, there is his admiration for personal bravery. "Anyone who will back his opinions with his life, holding his name higher, can never entirely lose his honour." He has no sentimental delusions about the past. The modern improvement is, he agrees, indubitable in many practical fields. But the gain is not absolute; it is external, and a doubtful compensation for loss of individuality, serenity, and courage. Men to-day are "sensible rather than brave." The essential issue of integrity still lives in every man's soul—until he kills it—but it seldom emerges as decisively or dramatically as in the starker past.

Lastly there is the attraction to a specifically formal background. Social formality to-day dissolves progressively, and when Hergesheimer deals with the present, as in "Cytherea" or "The Party Dress," he seems too often divided between a simple lack of interest and the desire to impose a factitious formality which tends to become, in detail, ludicrous. His one successful venture into modern America is "Linda Condon," and there Linda herself imposes a complete and authentic formality upon her environment.

His books are all "the growth-products of a single spirit," and might be considered as such from various aspects of form or style or content. But the essential

examination would be that which most directly sought to show his work as the presentment, varied and progressively purified, of his single basic theme. Only the early short stories collected in "The Happy End" (1919) would need to be discarded as, mainly, inventions whose aim was fulfilled when they "brought me, in times of varying difficulty, food." For the rest, in any vital account, the word integrity would ring and ring again. "The Lay Anthony" (1914) cannot be matched with the later works, yet it contains the true Hergesheimer in embryo, a distinctive tale of integrity—a spiritual much more than physical chastity—preserved to the grave. "Mountain Blood" (1915) and "The Three Black Pennys" (1917) alike trace the nemesis of spiritual failure, a shattered integrity, in one case in one man's life, in the other through generations. "Java Head" (1919) sets one integrity against another in dramatic conflict, a situation ultimately soluble only in death. In "Linda Condon" (1919) there is less of conflict than union, creative not on the biological but the metabiological plane; had Linda become Pleydon's mistress in the flesh she could never have served to inspire his finest work. In "Cytherea" (1922), as in "The Party Dress" (1930), a failure in integrity ends in fatality. "The Bright Shawl" (1922) creates a situation wherein a man to save his honour must make, even at the cost of his life, what he knows can only be judged a futile gesture. "Balisand" (1924) shows an integrity preserved against all opposition to death itself, "Tampico" (1926) an integrity rising above all personal intentions, desires, safety. In the books of shorter stories, "Gold and Iron" (1918), "Quiet Cities" (1928), and "The Limestone Tree" (1931), the theme is repeated with many variations; it is implicit in the biographical Civil War studies of "Swords and Roses" (1929), the brief autobiographical sketches of "The Presbyterian Child" (1923), the travel book "San Cristóbal de la Habana" (1920), and the personal "From an Old House" (1925).

Yet with similarity of inspiration there is continuous variety in presentation. There was a period, and a fruitful one, when he gave the fullest possible expression to what he has termed his "endless interest in the destructive qualities of the passion of love operating in a society not quite designed for it." (He is indeed unique among modern novelists for the poignant intimacy of his love-scenes. "Brief as the lightning in the collied night"—but the more lovely for that inimical engulfing background.)

He might make it, as in "Cytherea," the symbol of an aspiration utterly spiritual though (like all the aspirations of men) embodied, born, in the flesh; he might make it, as in "Linda Condon" and "Balisand," directly creative. More often it appears as simply destructive—necessarily. Loving, a man is still dependent upon another; his happiness "contingent upon accident." Integrity must lie beyond love, be rooted in ultimate loneliness, the flower of an "essentially solitary" confrontment of "insoluble mystery." The knowledge is one the heart repudiates, and its acceptance is born perforce of the slow, steady, inexorable pressure of experience; only in the later books is love consciously relegated to the position of no more than a *modus operandi*. It is significant that where in "Cytherea" the woman merely died, in "The Party Dress" Chalke Ewing kills himself. At the end of "The Limestone Tree" the point is made absolutely plain: "The fact that he had seduced her was unimportant; marriage was not a retribution for passion; he had committed himself to a greater responsibility. He had, by an act more irrevocable than the promise of words, brought Susan to believe in his integrity. She depended on that, and he would not multiply the evasions and lies that made up the treachery of living."

For several reasons Hergesheimer's later work must be declared his best. He has written scarcely a paragraph not attributable, immediately, to him. But his prose has changed, matured, grown barer if no less fastidious. To

suggest that "The Three Black Pennys," and the half-dozen volumes following it, perhaps to "Balisand," will remain, for those most impressed by most evident effort, his most impressive works, is not at all to decry their merits, which are remarkable. It is only to assert that the later books are finer because more truly organic, more even in texture, more restrained in achieving their effects. There is an absolute gain in the subdual of irrelevant elaboration of detail, in the growing sureness of touch, the vivid concision, the perfect control of the rise and fall of feeling. "Quiet Cities" and "The Limestone Tree," both late books, are certainly his masterpieces, yet even favourable critical opinion appears curiously reluctant to admit any superior to "The Three Black Pennys," which, despite its magnificent underlying conception, is uneven in execution. "Java Head," after an exquisite opening, rapidly disintegrates. "Linda Condon" is certainly all but perfect, but relatively small in scope. "Cytherea" and "The Party Dress" are, in large parts, extremely unsatisfactory. "Balisand" and "Tampico," both long tales, tend to be more convincing in certain brief, moving scenes than as unities. The short story is, after all, one feels, his proper form, and his best work has been done within its limits. One remembers even "The Three Black Pennys" as a trio rather than a whole, while "The Bright Shawl" and the tales in "Gold and Iron," all of high merit, embody single episodes rather than extended narratives. "Quiet Cities" and "The Limestone Tree" are both books of short stories; they are not, however, fortuitous collections. The former contains nine tales evoking the atmospheres, the moods, of as many American cities at dates ranging from 1750 to 1850. In each the spirit of a man embodies or conflicts with that character, preserving, or failing to preserve (there is not always victory), his integrity against tensions of peril or distress. Love appears frequently, but it is not the impelling force, and brings as often calamity as reward. Every tale is finely

done, with a complete objectivity, a quiet perfection, a subtle grasp of character, a profound and unobtrusive intimacy with the past. They have also continuity, setting their integrity against the growing complication of American life, from the simple forest existence of Thomas Armit to the formal aristocratic environment of Nicholas Elliset in Boston a hundred years later; and they are linked in a preliminary section comparable only to an overture in its skilful and lovely weaving of the main themes which are to follow, making explicit the ideas, the attitude, implicit in the stories themselves. Granted integrity, it might be summed up, the conditions of life are unimportant; every gain brings its loss, and the question remains open whether one balances the other.

In "Quiet Cities," as earlier, integrity is, if not selfish, certainly beyond common social imperatives. "The Limestone Tree" points to "obligations greater than any individual necessity," and becomes, consequently, wider if not profounder in its implications. It presents in ten stories the growth of a family tradition of honour. Nothing could be plainer than this intention. In the first story, set towards the end of the eighteenth century, Gabriel Sash, hunter in the wilds, comes out of the woods to marry Nancy Abel and settle at a small trading town. Eventually his unappeasable desire for the forests overwhelms him, and though she has borne him a child he leaves her for his hunting-grounds. In the last story John Dixon Folkes, a distant relative, has come from France to stay with the Sashes in Kentucky, has seduced his cousin Susan Abel, and intends to desert her and return to Paris. Psychologically the situation is identical with that of the first story. But one day, out in the quiet woods, old Gabriel Sash, grandson of the first Gabriel, talks to him of the Sashes and Abels of the past, until

> "a sharp unhappiness overtook John; it changed into a definite sense of the insecurity of life; almost nothing in it, he

discovered, was dependable. The elements, the quality, of destruction in himself were appalling. There was, for example, a disturbing resemblance between that first Gabriel's unspeakable mother and the divine Célanie Pindar. They were—worlds apart—equally indifferent to all responsibility; to the decency of order. Gabriel Sash, in consequence, had lost himself in the darkness of the forest. He had returned, like a savage, to the life of savages and of wild beasts. Well, Paris, in its own manner, was a forest. The blood of his mother was restless in him; suddenly he was afraid of it; he was conscious of other influences: John Dixon Folkes viewed the slow, painful accumulation of a tradition; he had looked back into the past, at the bare lives of his ancestors, and seen them change with the changing state, he had watched them change Kentucky. The lives of his ancestors, one following the other, passionate and courageous men, generations of women with pure hearts, had created at least a substitute for a missing safety: they had learned how to meet disaster. They were calm, established in their arbitrary conceptions of right and wrong, in the face of death. The men and women whose beings had gone into his being had left a tangible stronghold ready for him to occupy; he could not, there, be readily destroyed."

Thus, out of the past, Hergesheimer has created, with the power, the vividness of the consummate artist, a value for our present need. For we *do* need it in this safe, this "sanitary present" which would set, too often, our individual comforts above higher obligations. It may not be unique, still his statement of it is an absolute contribution. He, his books, have something to give not found elsewhere. They have, too, a larger content of sheer beauty, a smaller proportion of failure, than any other living American writer can show. The American past, the dead past, is made luminous and living in his pages; it is made more, it is made immediate, and the present is illuminated thereby. We perceive that the basic human problems are eternal, that the explications of science are at best but superficial and incomplete, that the true solutions must be sought always in men's hearts, in an individual bravery, a personal courage. "Man dies alone; he must perfect himself alone."

National Socialism in Germany

By E. T. S. Dugdale

THE younger generation of Germany are approaching desperation point. A much larger proportion of the young men attend the Universities than is the case in England, and they are appalled by the realization that their education will be useless to most of them, since few will find employment at home, whilst the world outside Germany is practically closed to ambitious young Germans, owing partly to restrictions in emigration. It is to these especially that Hitlerism makes its direct appeal.

Amongst the working classes lack of work is a more serious political danger than it has proved so far in this country, even though the dole may have removed any fear of actual starvation; for one thing the German dole is insignificant compared with ours. This enforced idleness makes the younger generation of workers ripe for any upheaval. It is to them that Communism as well as Hitlerism appeal.

It is open to anyone to speculate what the National Socialist Party would do, if suddenly presented with a Parliamentary majority in the Reichstag. At present its programme is almost entirely concerned with restoration of national morale and pride. Herr Hitler's book, *Mein Kampf*, does not reveal that any complete programme of government was in his mind when he wrote it, and it is even now still not clear. It is therefore possible that, though his Party might break the present regime, it might fail to profit by its success. Then the reins would be seized by a Party with a definite programme —the Communists.

Nevertheless the ideals set down by Herr Hitler in the two volumes of his *Mein Kampf*, published in 1925 and 1927, still hold the field in the speeches and propaganda of the Party, and, as in England to-day, responsibility is apt to modify the outlook of men who were once

wild propagandists and now have to face the realities of administration.

Herr Hitler is technically an Austrian, but it appears that the fact of a man being a German-Austrian is no serious obstacle to his entering and, indeed, rising high in German service. In Herr Hitler's case the difficulty has certainly been forgotten or ignored. He is evidently a man possessed of very great personal magnetism. The writer has been assured by a German gentleman, who is by no means a partisan of the Hitler movement, that no one, however antagonistic, can escape the spell of his oratory, even though later reflection shows that the sum of Herr Hitler's aspirations are repugnant to the listener. Added to this is his sympathy with youth. It is due to him, for instance, that barges have been established at intervals along more than one of the large rivers of Germany, furnished as rest houses for hiking parties and supplied with comforts and amusements.

It is Herr Hitler's conviction that nothing but a personal dictatorship can set the new ideal going in Germany, whilst those who are to administer the country must owe the dictator unquestioning obedience and be deeply imbued with his spirit. They will be supported by a force, each member of which will be highly trained both physically and in the propaganda of the Party. In fact the ideal of government, as understood by Herr Hitler, seems to be akin to the aims pursued by the rulers of Italy to-day.

The book which sets forth these ideals has had a vast sale all over Germany among the younger members both of the educated and working classes. Its propaganda has penetrated deep into a nation which is but too ready to accept any ideas, if only they are presented with sufficient force behind them.

Mein Kampf has, however, not so far been put before the public in this country in any form, complete or abridged. When we consider that it is implicitly believed in by a large section of the German people, it

seems not unimportant that English readers should get to know what the National Socialists intend to effect in Germany, if ever they get the chance.

On the first page of his book Herr Hitler writes: "German Austria will have to return to the great German motherland." His reasons are in the main two. The first is that all territory containing populations essentially of German race ought to, and indeed must, come under the control of the German State as he conceives it. Therefore, all forces which tend to keep any part of the German race separate from it are evil forces. The second main reason is that the corruption and maladministration throughout the Austrian Empire was such that that Empire did not deserve to survive. (Incidentally, Mr. H. Wickham Steed's ripe experience as *The Times* correspondent in Vienna led him to the same conclusion some time before the War was really imminent.)

The menace of dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire had been increasingly felt for many years before the War. The Compromise with Hungary of 1867 relieved the situation as regards Hungary, but there was no suggestion of allowing the Slav components of the Empire to have any share in general policy.

Soon after the turn of the century the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, began using his influence in the direction of centralizing the affairs of the Empire in Vienna; he also advocated some system of Federalism with the idea of attaching the various portions of the Empire to the centre more firmly.

It is curious that there is so much difference of opinion about him. The hatred he inspired in all who desired to break loose from Vienna, and in the German element which wished either to join up with Germany or at any rate to continue to exclude the Slavs from any voice in Imperial affairs, proves how greatly his influence was felt and feared There were few in the rest of Europe to realize all this until the thunder-clap of his murder burst over the world. It was known before that that he did

not see eye to eye with the old Emperor and his Ministers in Vienna, and on the Allied side it was supposed that the murder was welcomed there, if not actually connived at. A perusal of Mr. Steed's writing shows that the Vienna atmosphere was strongly hostile to the Archduke and the policy for which he worked without intermission. This policy is described in the following words by R. G. D. Laffan in his chapter on "The Liberation of the New Nationalities" in Volume IV of the "History of the Peace Conference of Paris" (p. 173): Franz Ferdinand "proposed to support the Catholic Croats against the Orthodox Serbs, and to prevent the Magyars from paralysing the efforts of the Dynasty to rally the various subject nationalities round the throne in a common loyalty."

On p. 33 of the same volume Mr. L. B. Namier says: "The German-Austrian was tainted with Pan-German theories regarding *Deutschtum* and *Weltpolitik*," and proceeds to show that all the subject nationalities—the Magyars, the Poles, the Czecho-Slovaks, the Rumanians, the Italians of Istria and Zara, the Yugo-Slavs, the Jews—all had good reasons for desiring relief from the oppressive control of the Austrian Dynasty.

Herr Hitler shares the sentiments of his fellow German-Austrians to the full. He writes: "The Royal House were becoming Czech in every possible way, and it was the hand of the goddess of eternal justice and inexorable retribution that caused the most deadly enemy of Germanism in Austria, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, to fall by the very bullets which he himself had helped to mould. And he was the chief patron of the movement, working to make Austria a Slav State!" But he deplores the tendency to political murder, because "all such attempts were pure folly, since the Marxist victory was not due to the superior genius of any outstanding individual leader, but to the measureless incompetence and cowardice of the bourgeois world."

In the eyes of Herr Hitler, Marxism is the instrument adopted by the international Jew for the deliberate

purpose of enslaving the judgment of the working classes of the world and throwing dust in the eyes of the timid bourgeoisie. He writes: "Understanding of the Jews is the only key to comprehension of the inner, and therefore real, aims of Social Democracy." He observes that the Social Democratic press is entirely controlled, managed and written by members of that race. He says: "The Jewish doctrine of Marxism rejects the aristocratic principle of nature, and in place of the eternal privilege of force and strength, sets up the mass and dead weight of numbers. It thus denies the value of the individual among men, combats the importance of nationality and race, thereby depriving mankind of the whole meaning of their existence and *Kultur*."

On this Herr Hitler develops two of his leading principles: personal responsibility of the governor in the perfect German State which he contemplates, and segregation and perfecting of the German race, which is first of all to achieve domination of Germany, and then face up to the rest of the world.

The first of these involves an attack on governmental decisions based on a majority vote, and on the whole system of government by Parliamentary representation, i.e. Democracy. He says: "Is it to be the criterion of a statesman that he must be as strong in the art of persuasion as in that of statesmanlike skill in the selection of great lines of conduct or decision? . . . A majority can never be a substitute for a Man."

In Chapter VI of the second volume there occurs an astonishing passage: "Our infernal press, the Hecuba of the life of the German nation, succeeded in giving the South Tyrol question a prominence which will have serious consequences for the German nation. . . While the international Jew is slowly but surely strangling us, our so-called 'patriots' are raging against the Man and the System, which have had the courage to tear themselves free, in one bit of the world

at least, from the Jewish Freemason embrace, and to oppose the international world-poison with the forces of nationalism."

Considering the feeling which is universal in Germany regarding the Italianization of South Tyrol the sentiments expressed above are somewhat remarkable; they indicate what may be Germany's attitude towards Italy, if ever the National Socialist Party assume control of German policy.

In Chapter XIII Herr Hitler somewhat revises the attitude he adopted towards the question of South Tyrol in his earlier chapter. His line is that, once the War was lost, it was useless to promote a campaign of words against the treatment meted out by Italy to the German population of that district. He lays the blame for its loss on the Parties which made the Revolution and broke down the fighting spirit of the Army, and proclaims that the German districts which were lost will never be regained until Germany is ready to fight for them.

The second point concerns Germany's future foreign policy. Herr Hitler's endeavour is to unite his nation in condemning the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, and in repudiating the imputation of "war-guilt." He writes: "The persistency with which the lie that the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was a most shameful act of oppression was put before the public caused millions of Germans to regard the Versailles Treaty as nothing more than a just retribution for the crime we committed at Brest-Litovsk! And therefore they considered that any real struggle against Versailles would be wrong. . . . And that was the reason why the shameless and monstrous word 'Reparations' was able to find a home in Germany." It seems likely therefore that, if the Nationalist Socialist Party obtained control, one of its first demands would be entire re-consideration of the whole question of Reparations.

Herr Hitler's views on the future of Germany's

foreign policy are expressed at some length and with much emphasis. France is the eternal enemy, and the result of the War has been to make her the paramount Power in Europe. Since neither England nor Italy can possibly desire permanence for this condition of things, England and Italy are Germany's most natural allies. He writes: "The historic tendency of British diplomacy, the sole counterpart of which in Germany was the tradition of the Prussian Army, was, ever since the example set by Queen Elizabeth, directed deliberately towards preventing the rise of any European Power above and beyond the general standard of greatness, and breaking it by a military attack if necessary. England does not want Germany as a world Power; France does not want Germany as a Power at all—a very essential difference." Then as regards the British and Italian reasons for not wishing to see France too powerful: "England does not desire a France whose military power, unrestrained by the rest of Europe, might cover a policy likely one day to run counter to British interests. Italy's future will always depend on developments in the Mediterranean basin."

He explains in forcible language why, in his opinion, Russia would be fatal as an ally for Germany. "The present rulers of Russia are blood-stained criminals . . . Favoured by circumstances in a tragic hour, they subdued a great State, wiped out ten millions of their most intelligent fellow-countrymen, and now for ten years they have been conducting the most tyrannous regime of all time . . . Germany will be the next objective of Bolshevism."

Concerning colonization Herr Hitler considers that colonies detached from the mother country are on the whole a weakness rather than a strength. The kind of colonization which he advocates is apparently annexation of territory adjoining Germany itself in Europe. He says: "Many European States to-day are like pyramids standing on their apexes. Their possessions in Europe are ridiculous compared with their top-heavy

burden of colonies, foreign trade, etc. Even England is no proof to the contrary, for we are too apt to forget the true nature of the Anglo-Saxon world in its relation to the British Imperium. If only on account of her community of language and *Kultur* with the American Union, England cannot be compared with any State in Europe. Hence Germany's only hope of carrying out a sound territorial policy lies in acquiring fresh lands in Europe itself. Colonies are useless if they appear unsuitable for settling Europeans in large numbers."

Herr Hitler considers that foreigners cannot be made into good citizens of the nation which has acquired their lands; he writes: "History shows that it was Germanization of the *land*, which our forefathers won by the sword, which brought profit, for it was colonized with German agriculturists. Whenever foreign blood has been introduced into the body of the nation, its unhappy effect has been to break down our national character."

Herr Hitler is convinced that it is all-important that the true German strain should be kept pure and uncontaminated. He would have the race bred as carefully as horses and dogs are bred and controlled. He would have physical training regarded as being as important as mental training, perhaps even more important, one of the most vital functions of the State being to produce a healthy, strong stock, besides instilling enthusiasm for the German Fatherland.

Herr Hitler was successful in raising and training a body of fighters with the primary object of securing his meetings against interruption by parties hostile to his movement. He describes conflicts on various occasions, when his "Storm Detachment" vanquished bodies of Communists, who had come with intent to break up his meetings and kill the movement. He claims also to have rescued certain towns in South Germany from the Communist tyrrany.

He gives a very spirited account of his attendance at a Nationalist festival at Coburg in October, 1922.

"I was invited to take part," he writes, "with a recommendation to bring some of my friends with me. I picked 800 men of the Storm Detachment to go with me." They marched into the town in military order, surrounded a yelling mob of Reds, who finally took to throwing stones. "Our patience was at an end, and we hit out right and left for ten minutes, and a quarter of an hour later there were no more Reds to be seen in the streets. By the next morning the Red Terror, under which Coburg had suffered for years, was broken. From our experiences in Coburg we learned the importance of our going by a regular plan to all places in which the Red Terror had for years prevented those who thought differently from holding any meeting, of breaking down the Red Terror and re-establishing freedom of assembly."

These forcible and successful interventions in politics culminated in the attempt of November 8, 1923, to subvert the Government in Munich. The *Putsch* was suppressed, the Storm Detachment disbanded, and Herr Hitler was condemned to detention in a fortress. On his release he proceeded at once to reorganize his Party, with results that are evident to all who read their newspapers.

Herr Hitler emphasizes his opinions on the subject of successful popular oratory. In comparing Mr. Lloyd George's war speeches with those of Bethman Hollweg, he writes: "The great English demagogue produced an immense effect on his audiences, and in the widest sense on the whole of the British lower classes. His choice of easily understood, simple illustration is proof of that Englishman's towering political capacity."

Herr Hitler's ideal of a politician is that of a speaker on a public platform, not in Parliament. Indeed, since his scheme is that the whole nation shall merely obey the one man responsible, Parliamentary oratory would cease to have importance, if life in Germany followed the lines laid down by Herr Hitler.

Parodies

By Hugh Kingsmill

1. Clubs are Trumps. *By P. G. W–d–h––se**

(A Sequel to "The Purity of the Turf.")

[NOTE.—In "The Purity of the Turf," Bertie Wooster tells how Steggles, who is at Twing Vicarage as a member of the Reverend Heppenstall's reading-party, makes a book on the Twing village sports. Guided by Jeeves, Bertie's famous valet, Bertie and his friend, Bingo Little, both of whom are staying with Lord Wickhammersley at Twing Hall, place various bets with Steggles. There is foul play by Steggles, and a countermove from Jeeves, which leaves Steggles heavily in debt over Prudence Baxter, the unexpected winner of the Girls' Egg and Spoon Race.]

YOU'D have thought that when, thanks to Jeeves's ready resource, that blighter Steggles came unstuck over the book he'd made on the Twing village sports, he'd have paid over to our little syndicate without a murmur. And been bally well grateful for the lesson, too. I mean to say, if ever Providence gave a young fellow in the morning of his life the straight tip that crime doesn't pay, Steggles got it when he stubbed his toe on a long-priced outsider like Prudence Baxter, after nobbling a couple of fliers like Harold, the page-boy, and Mrs. Penworthy, the sack race speed fiend. And yet, by Jove, instead of weeping in pure thankfulness that he wasn't chipping flints on Dartmoor, the low hound—but there, what's the use of hotting oneself up over the frightful depths to which human nature sinks when it gets itself tied up inside a Steggles. I mean to say, punishment enough without other people rubbing it in. What I mean is, fancy always going about with a chap like Steggles, which is what a chap would bally well *have* to do if he was Steggles . . . where was I? Oh, yes . . . I was saying you'd have thought Steggles would have paid over without a murmur; and that's what Bingo Little and I were thinking, too, when we bumped into the blighter the morning after the sports.

* For the theme of this story the author wishes to acknowledge a certain indebtedness to Shakespeare's Othello.

We were passing the Twing Arms when we met him, being engaged in shaking up the jolly old gastric juices before lunch with a smartish to-and-fro between the Hall and the village. And poor old Bingo was just beginning again on his scenario of what he proposed to do with his share of the winnings. I think I mentioned, didn't I, that he was tutoring old Wickhammersley's male heir at the moment, and the first item on his programme was to push that somewhat scaly infant into the ancestral pond, and then beat it nor'-nor'-east for the metrop., complete with sack of gold.

So you can understand how it took him when he saw Steggles's face. He just stood there giving out a low whuffling noise, like a hedgehog at bay. Like one of those stories where the chappie in the dock looks at the foreman of the jury, and reads his doom slap off. I mean to say, no words needed. And I don't mind telling you I was shaken myself. But we Woosters are chilled steel in a crisis, and I handed the man Steggles a cheery "Hallo-allo-allo," which held him for a moment. Nonchalant bonhomie, if you know what I mean. Party of the first part standing by with easy grace while the party of the second part unbelts with a smile. Gentlemen all, in a word. And I daresay it might have worked, too, if that poor fish Bingo hadn't cracked under the strain, and wanted to know what the devil Steggles thought he was looking at.

"I'm memorizing the pair of you," said Steggles, with a slow, nasty smile. "Not that I like the job, but duty before pleasure, and when Scotland Yard wants your descriptions I'll be able to supply them."

At which Bingo unleashed a scream like a hyena having a tooth stopped. "So that's your game, is it?" he yelled. "You bally bilking bookie! I'll hound you off the Turf! I will, by Gad! I'll show you up at every race-meeting in the country. I'll——"

Altogether a painful scene, and, if you don't mind, I'll skip the details, never having been one of those

chappies who get much juice out of the fouler aspects of human nature. The fact is, we weren't in a frightfully strong position when it came to menacing Steggles with a show-up. To start with, we couldn't prove that it was Steggles who had jammed old Heppenstall's sermon amidships by dropping a beetle down young blighted Harold's back during evensong. And, anyway, as Steggles pointed out, what action could Heppenstall take except hoofing him out of his reading party? And we didn't need Steggles's word for it that the old top was coaching him for cash and not for love. I mean to say, coaching Steggles for love!

So what with one thing and what with another our parley began to look as if it had blown a fuse out, and I was about to signal Bingo that the hour had struck to beetle off in silent scorn, when Steggles had the infernal crust to come back with a show-up of his own. Said that he proposed, in the interests of clean sport at Twing, to lay the facts about Jeeves's action in connection with the Girls' Egg and Spoon race before Lord Wickhammersley. Now the wheeze by which Jeeves had lofted Prudence Baxter into the proud position of Twing's leading egg-and-spooner undoubtedly displayed intelligence of a very ripe order. But, if looked at from the wrong angle, it might show a crack or two, and something seemed to tell me that if Steggles moved further in the matter old Wickhammersley would be handing me my hat right speedily, not to say eftsoons, and Bingo would be legging it nor'-nor'-east with the imprint of the baronial boot on the seat of his pants.

You know those stories where a fiend in human shape keeps on worrying a blameless chappie who's got a foul deed in his past, and then one day something goes crack in the blameless chappie's bean, and he reaches for the meat-axe and soaks the fiend good and proper. Well, read Steggles for the fiend in human shape, and Bertie Wooster for the blameless chappie, and you've got the posish when Steggles stopped talking measured to a

hair. Except that there wasn't a meat-axe handy. So there was nothing to do but stand there emitting lofty scorn, while privately wishing that the good old Wooster pride would let up for a moment so that I could ask the blighter to call the dog off.

And then Steggles raised his hat. Funny the bally rot that zips through under the hair when something unexpected happens. I mean to say, I actually thought it was remorse. Uncovering in shame, and all that sort of thing. Then I heard a fizzing noise on my right. Somehow I knew what it was without looking, and, good enough, when I turned round there was Bingo, the human celluloid, in flames again.

The couple to whom Steggles, imitating the procedure customary among gentlemen, had just raised his hat, were rather out of the ordinary for Twing. The man especially. One of those swarthy sheik-like chappies, you know. Untamed, if you get me. A word and a blow, on off days. Otherwise just a blow. Altogether a bit under measure as a boon companion, though doubtless a dashed useful fellow to keep in front of one in a mix-up with Fuzzy-Wuzzies. As for the girl with him, I'm bound to admit that this time there really was some excuse for Bingo. Rippling gold hair, you know, and large blue eyes with a sort of soft appealing look as if she was flashing a chappie a message, and hoped he'd understand. Nice figure, too, willowy, and all that. And hands a fellow wouldn't mind stroking.

Well, they passed on, faded down the village street, and I was looking after them with a kind of empty feeling when I heard Steggles saying: "I don't know which of you it was. But one of you has made a hit. I wonder she had the nerve to give a glad eye like that. Lucky her husband didn't see it."

"That's a bally rotten remark," I cried, with some heat. "She just gave me a friendly smile, and only a bally pot of poison like you would——"

A nasty tearing sound on my right cut me short. It

was Bingo, trying out a scornful laugh. "Gave *you* a friendly smile!" the poor prune croaked. "That's ripe. *You!* My hat!" and he turned to Steggles, fawning loathsomely. "I say, Steggles," he babbled, "who is she, Steggles? What's her name, Steggles? Did you say that chap was her husband? Where are they staying, Steggles? Who is he?"

I had a dashed good mind to walk straight off. A dashed good mind, by Jove!

"It's General Raikes," said Steggles. "Heppenstall's cousin. The old boy's putting Raikes and his wife up at the Vicarage for a week or so."

"Heppenstall's cousin? Why, the fellow's a Dago. A bally Dago!"

"A touch of the tar-brush. Grandfather married a Creole. But I don't advise you to remind him of it. He's a fizzer."

"Is she——Steggles, old son, is she h-happy with him?"

I didn't wait for any more. Heel and toe at five m.p.h. to the Hall, and the deaf ear for Bingo babbling by my side. Outraged, by Jove! And then some.

Jeeves received the news about Steggles with his usual calm. "I had anticipated something of the kind, sir," was all he said.

"But, dash it," I cried, "it's a heavy loss!"

"Not a loss, if you will pardon the correction, sir. As I read the situation, sir, no money is passing in either direction between you and Mr. Steggles."

"In other words, a bally wash-out all round."

Jeeves inclined his head.

"But if the blighter stirs things up with Lord Wickhammersley? What-ho for the young master then, eh, Jeeves?"

"I should be disposed to regard such an eventuality as a very remote one, sir."

"Bluff, eh?"

"An ebullition of chagrin, sir. Understandable in the circumstances."

"Well, I hope you're right. Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know anything about General Raikes?"

"May I enquire, sir, if you are referring to the Reverend Heppenstall's cousin?"

"That's the chappie."

"I understand, sir, from such information about the gentleman as has come my way, that his career in the army has given uniform satisfaction."

"Happen to know his wife's name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is it?"

"Mrs. Raikes, sir."

I looked the fellow square in the centre of the eyeball. A single flicker and I'd have been through him like tissue paper. Not a hope, of course. But I wasn't jolly well going to leave it at that, so, bracing myself a bit, I put it to him straight.

"Jeeves, what's her Christian name?"

"Mrs. Raikes's full name, sir, is Mrs. Violet Raikes. Would you require anything further at the moment, sir?"

"No, I bally well wouldn't."

"Very good, sir."

Bingo and I didn't see much of each other for the next few days. Tension and all that. So I used to swing a solitary shoe Twing-wards, feeling somewhat mouldy, and rather hoping I'd get a sight of Mrs. Raikes. Not that I had designs, or any bally rot of that sort. I've never been one of those chappies who spend their days doing a bit of no good to the sacred bond and what-not. As a matter of fact, even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be much of a hit as a snake in the matrimonial grass. Women rather frighten me, especially pretty ones. I sort of go unstitched when they smile at me. The jolly old

legs try to take cover behind each other, if you know what I mean. And I make roopy noises with the throat, not unlike the sea lions at the Zoo when they go whooshing round as sick as dammit to think what they're missing at the North Pole. You may say it was funny I should want to see Mrs. Raikes again, if it was going to take me like that. If so, it only shows what a bally lot you've got to learn about human nature.

Well, one afternoon I was hoofing it past the Vicarage, thinking how jolly it would be if Mrs. Raikes suddenly popped out. It was one of those hot summer days when there's a sort of humming all round one, as if about a million bees and things were sleeping it off after a heavy lunch. Soothing, you know. I slowed down a bit as I passed the Vicarage gate, and peered up the gravel drive, thinking how bally all right it would be if Mrs. Raikes should happen to come round the bend. Which made it all the more of a jar when Bingo suddenly curved into view, came down the straight in half a dozen bounds, did a hand-spring over the gate, and shot up the road towards the Hall. Before I could begin to wonder what it all meant, General Raikes had taken the straight in one bound under Bingo's, and vanished in a cloud of dust. And at the end of the procession came Steggles, moving with comparative languor. As soon as he saw me, he slowed down to a walk. "Anyone passed this way?" he asked with a foul leer.

"Yes, there bally well has," I yelled, "and you bally well know it! I don't know what's up, but whatever it is you're in it, you low wart!"

White-hot, by Jove! But wasted, of course. The blighter just leaned on the gate, and looked thoughtfully up the road.

"They ought to have reached the Hall by now," he said. "I'll bet Bingo's been running straight for once. Pity there aren't any gentlemen in these parts. It might have been rather interesting to make a book on the result. But, of course, with all these crooks about ——"

"You'll hear from me later," I shouted, and legged it up the road. Chump or not, Bingo was my pal.

The Hall looked devilish peaceful and deserted as I charged up the avenue. A general absence of retainers and what not, due no doubt to old Wickhammersley being in the next county for the day, at one of those Boy Scout jamborees. Not a soul about as I sped upstairs. For a moment I was afraid that I'd been wrong to bank on Bingo's homing instinct. The next moment a frightful hammering sound, fighting for first place with a maddened roar, told me I needn't worry.

Bingo had been parked in a somewhat distant wing, and as I drew near I let out a yell. More by way of introducing myself than in any unfriendly spirit. The hammering stopped dead, likewise the roar, and when I rounded the last corner there was the General, a whacking big club at the ready, crouching for a spring.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo! What! What! What!" I babbled. Matey, you know.

The General gave a low growl. You know, they say a chappie's whole life whizzes past him in a flash when he's drowning. Well, it wasn't quite as bad as that with me, but as the club went back I distinctly remembered a hymn I used to prattle at nurse's knee, beginning "Now I lay me down to sleep."

While I was waiting for the end, eyes closed and general attitude one of prayerful meditation, I heard a sort of a snort. Hitching the left eyelid up a peg, I peeped out and there was the General goofing at something behind me. "Jeeves!" he murmured. "Good old Jeeves, by Gad!"

"Thank you, sir. I trust you are in good health, sir." A flicker, a kind of faint stir in the air, and Jeeves was by the General's side.

"If you will pardon the liberty, sir." Jeeves's hand floated over the General's hair, collecting a twig, a couple of leaves, and a large spider, which was looking

pretty peaceful. I remember wondering if it was dead or just stunned.

"Thanks, Jeeves. Efficient as ever. We must have a pow-wow. But," and the General began to blow out again, "I've got a job of work to do first." And up went the club.

"Stop him, Jeeves!" Bingo yelled from the other side of the door. "It's all a bally mistake, Jeeves! It's that hound Steggles! Call him off, Jeeves! I can explain. I swear I can explain."

"If you have no objection, sir," murmured Jeeves, resting the club against the wall.

"But, Jeeves! Damn it, man! Look at that!"

The General opened his left fist, uncovering a bit of paper. "Take it! Look at it! Dropped outside my room! Is it that young blackguard's writing, or is it not? Show it to that blithering waster behind you, and tell him to deny his friend's writing if he dares!"

Jeeves smoothed the paper out. Feeling it was more or less expected of me, I slithered forward and bent over the document with an air of zeal.

"Read it out, Jeeves! Dammit, read it out, man!" the General bawled.

"Very good, sir. The contents are as follows: 'Don't worry, Vi. I'll settle with Steggles. Toujours Bingo.'"

"Toujours Bingo! Jeeves, I knew her a year before I called her by her Christian name, and this post-war pup——! What does it mean, Jeeves? What does it mean? Youth to youth, eh? eh? But I'm not old, Jeeves! Jeeves, I'm not old! No, by Gad, she took me with her eyes open, and, by Gad——"

"Thank you, sir." And Jeeves rested the club against the wall again. "There can be no question, sir," he rippled on, "that this document is a forgery. Mr. Little does not form his B's in this manner. And the downward stroke in the capital V is too heavy. There are other indications with which, suggestive though they are, I need not trouble you at the moment, sir."

"Then who the——"

"If you would be so very obliging, sir, as to afford Mr. Little an opportunity of laying such facts as are within his knowledge before us, I have no doubt that we shall quickly arrive at the solution of the mystery."

"Have it as you like, man! Have it as you like!"

It took some doing, but at long last Bingo unbolted the door, nipping to the far side of the bed as the committee filed in. Proceedings were held up for a moment while Jeeves shimmered back into the corridor, bearing the club with him. Then Bingo began.

Boiled down, what it amounted to was that Steggles had lured Bingo into the Vicarage to play contract with Mrs. Raikes. The poor egg had been there about five times. "Mrs. Raikes and I always played together, Bertie, old man," he bleated. "Steggles said it ruined contract to swop partners, and Baynes, the other chap, agreed. A low hound Baynes, Bertie, old man. Another bally Steggles."

"Do you suggest, sir," barked the General, "that Mr. Steggles and Mr. Baynes are card-sharpers?"

"I don't bally well suggest anything else!"

Jeeves gave a faint cough. "I have heard, sir, from various sources that Mr. Steggles is uniformly successful with the cards."

"Very well! Very well! But, sir," turning on Bingo, "the letter! Why did you run, sir, if it wasn't yours? Dammit, answer me that!"

"And why did you come at me with that bally club? I thought it better to explain later."

"Might I put a question to Mr. Little, sir?" Jeeves bowed courteously to the General.

"Wk!"

"I thank you, sir. Mr. Little, may I enquire if anything passed in writing between you and Mr. Steggles?"

"Er—what do you mean? Er—one or two I.O.U.'s, of course. Which reminds me, by Jove, that's where

that bally list of French words must have gone. It was on the back of one of them. For dictation to Wickhammersley's young hopeful, dash him! And I spent an hour sorting them out, too!"

"By Gad, Jeeves!" I burst forth. "I see it. That's how the low hound got Bingo's fist. Jeeves, you stand alone. I've said it before, and I say it again. Jeeves stands alone. Jeeves stands——"

"Will you stop, sir?"

"—— alone. Dogged, by Gad!"

The General threw me a "Pah!" and turned to Jeeves. "All highly ingenious, Jeeves, but——"

"Might I ask you to excuse me for a few minutes, sir? An idea has just occurred to me, which I confidently believe will convert supposition into certainty."

"Jeeves! I say, Jeeves!" Bingo yelped, but Jeeves had already faded from the room.

There was a kind of a heavy silence after he'd left us. Brooding, you know. Being more or less out of the ring myself, I thought it might be a good wheeze to help things along with a bit of patter. So I turned to the General, beaming somewhat. "Dashed odd, sir," I said, "old Jeeves having been with you. One of those what-do-you-call-its. The long arm and all that sort of rot."

"Hold your tongue, sir!"

Well, I mean to say, what!

After which, there was silence till Jeeves returned.

Jeeves opened out at once. "I have just been on the telephone, sir, to Brookfield, who, as you are doubtless aware, is the butler at the Vicarage. My surmise, I am happy to say, has proved correct. A rapid examination of the contents of Mr. Steggles's waste-paper basket has revealed a number of trial attempts at Mr. Little's Christian name, and at other words figuring in the document under consideration. The contents of the waste-paper basket have been impounded by Brookfield, and await your detailed examination, sir."

"Thanks, Jeeves, thanks!" The General looked across at Bingo. Conflict of emotion and all that. "Forget anything I may have said," he growled, and stamped out of the room, followed by Jeeves.

Jeeves's voice came rippling back to us, blending with the crisp sound of crackling paper.

"Thank you, sir. I am very much obliged, sir. One moment, sir, I think you will be requiring this."

"The club! I will, by Gad!"

"You hold a strong hand, sir, if I may be permitted the pleasantry."

"Poor old Steggles!" murmured Bingo.

Bingo always was so dashed weak, you know.

The Book of the Month*

By Hugh Walpole

IN the first place let the ground be cleared. These are not love letters. I read the other day a very virtuous comment in some paper and it went like this: "Thank God I am not compelled to read these intimate revelations. Others will doubtless be fascinated by these indiscretions. Not so I."

Well, there are no revelations, there are no indiscretions. These are, in no possible understanding of the term, love letters. What they are, on the other hand, it is not difficult to say. They reveal more fully than have been revealed before two important and interesting personalities, or rather they amplify. There is nothing here that we did not know already about both Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw. Nevertheless this book confirms our suspicions.

And because it confirms them I wonder that Bernard Shaw has permitted their publication, and yet it is quite natural of him, and in accordance with all his life, that he should have done so. For he is the most generous, kindest-hearted fellow alive, always ready to do anyone a good turn at cost to himself. Here I think he has *done* someone a good turn *and* at cost to himself.

The person to whom he has done this good turn is Ellen Terry, because he has put this on record in a way that nothing, not even her own delightful life of herself, could ever have done—that of all the enchanting, generous, unselfish women who have enriched the English theatre, Ellen Terry is supreme. There have been, and are, very many generous noble women in the English Theatre, but none like her, for as these letters show, she was utterly careless of herself, she spent her life in serving others and best of all, she was gay, merry, uncomplaining, although in the course of her life she

* Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw. A Correspondence. Edited by Christopher St. John. Preface by Bernard Shaw. (Constable. £5 5s.)

encountered every sort of disaster, disappointment in love, poverty, sickness and, at the last, blindness.

The first time that I ever saw her I was a boy at Cambridge and she brought " Much Ado " there. Young Matheson Lang was the Benedick and she the Beatrice. At once, boy though I was, I rejoiced in her radiance, for I saw that she was accepting life with both hands, taking everything that came to her and then giving it all back to everyone around her that they might share with her.

In these letters she has no time to think of herself, she is always serving someone—Irving, her husbands, her children, her friends. And with it all the most genuine *un*posing modesty that ever was known.

" You see," she writes, " it has nothing to do with me. If I ever act well, it's accident. It's *divine*, isn't it? There's a double movement somewhere, for all the while one is receiving this gracious dew from heaven, this fire and warmth, one is turning oneself as it were, to be basted properly."

And she meant that. She had no thought of any effect on Shaw. She knew that he was thinking of himself all the time.

There is no problem at all in these letters so far as Ellen Terry is concerned. She was not in love with Shaw in the least. It was a friendship of correspondence. They scarcely met. She liked clever, brilliant, honest, courageous men, and young Shaw had, as old Shaw now has, all these qualities in abundance.

She offers no problem in these letters; she is simply from the first to last an enchantment. Shaw is here the problem.

A month or two ago I spent one of the happiest weeks of my life at the Malvern Festival, and it will be my own silly fault if I ever miss a Malvern Festival again. During that week I did what many thousands of people were doing—watched Mr. Shaw. There was no intrusion on privacy here, for it is part of Mr. Shaw's kindness that

if it gives people pleasure to watch him, watch him they shall. During that week I saw him speak to many people and never once was he anything but courteous, smiling and friendly. On the first night at the theatre I was placed next to him and he was as kindly and courteous to me as he was to everyone else. On the second night the amiable management wished to place me next to him again, but I changed places with a friend because I felt it was simply too awful that he should have to be so kindly and courteous all over again. I need not have worried. He was as kindly and courteous to my friend as he had been to me.

Throughout these letters he is amiability itself to everybody. He hates Irving because he is fighting his whole theatre spirit and belief. Irving here stands for the old, false, stupid theatre (as Shaw sees it), and Shaw is there to kill it, and has, as we all know, to a great degree, killed it. But he never loses his temper about Irving, is never mean or sly in his fighting. He pretends to lose his temper; he says all kinds of violent things; he feels a very genuine disgust and exasperation, but under his red beard, all the while, he is amiably and tranquilly smiling. He says in one letter: "At the Fabian Society I have had a heroic victory. I rashly boasted beforehand that my side would be smashed, annihilated, routed, scattered. And it all came off; *they were*. I made a tearing speech and was insufferably pleased with myself." It was his policy then—it has been his policy since—to say that he was insufferably pleased with himself, and it has been an easy policy for him because it is true—he *is* pleased.

Not insufferably, because he has no conceit; he never had any. Conceit is a state of mind in which, with a good deal of discomfort and uneasiness within yourself, you assert that you are better, wiser, cleverer than others. And you are very vulnerable because the slightest murmur from without makes you suspicious of your assertions. But Shaw has never been vulnerable. He

has no doubts about himself whatever. And so, removed from all self-distrust, he can throw himself into everything like a child.

"A lady invited me to tea," he writes, "threw her arms around me, and said she adored me. I permitted her to adore, being intensely curious on the subject. Never having regarded myself as an attractive man I was surprised."

But now that the lady has shown himself that he *is* attractive, that is one more item in the Shavian Armoury. He accepts it, catalogues it and serenely proceeds.

In the very next letter Ellen Terry says: "I've never been admired or loved (properly) but one-and-a-half times in my life, and I am perfectly sick of loving. All on one side isn't fair."

But of course she would continue to go on loving all her life, quite regardless of consequences, so long as she was giving with utter generosity.

The interest then of these letters is in the encounter, friendly, engaging and witty, of two such opposite personalities. But, as the letters proceed, one is increasingly aware that something is missing. When two people are so amusing, generous and honest, find one another and the world so delightful, have, both of them, careers so exciting, a fine grand blaze should after a while burst across the page and warm the reader's heart. But the blaze never comes, and, as one reads on, one perceives that Ellen Terry also expected that blaze, thought at first that it was inevitable and what fun it would be when it came. But it doesn't arrive; she is shrewd enough to perceive that it will never arrive. She resigns herself, with a laugh, a sigh, a shake of her lovely head, to another little disappointment. It is not Shaw's passion for her that disappoints her. She does not, in this case, expect passion nor desire it. What is it that she misses, what is it that we all miss in the Shavian Calendar, what gift in fact did the Fairies refuse at the Shavian cradle?

It is, quite plainly, that never once in these letters does Shaw lose himself. This is no gospel. There is no moral. Or, if there be a moral, it is this—that insecurity leads to discovery, that foolishness often blunders into richness, that a man must lose his soul to save it.

"I am a treacherous brute in matters of pure affection," he writes, and again: "In this world you must know *all* the points of view, and take *one*, and stick to it. In taking your side, don't trouble about its being the right side—north is no righter nor wronger than south—but be sure that it is really yours, and then back it for all you are worth."

"North is no righter nor wronger than south." But suppose that the south side shows you such visions of wonder and beauty that you cease to care whether it is your side or no, and throw yourself recklessly . . .

These letters in fact present us with the picture of the development of young Shaw's plans for his own achievement. It is true that that achievement is to revive the theatre, do good all round to the intelligence of everyone. The achievement is secure. The world would be infinitely the poorer without that achievement, but in the work itself there is surely the element of decay because the worker has known always so exactly what it is that he is doing. I understand, after reading these Letters, why when I saw "Getting Married" last year, and "Saint Joan" this, parts of those plays lived so gloriously and parts of them—I fear large parts of them—were dust and ashes.

The Modern Jerusalem

By Walter B. Harris

IT is in the old streets that a sense of the antiquity and the romance of Jerusalem is awakened and a scrambling excursion on the walls that encircle the town is one of interest. It is only at one point, where the Har'm esh-Sharif occupies their summits, that the old ramparts have to be abandoned and a path found below. My enjoyment was, I confess, a little increased by the discomfiture of my guide. I made a point during my first three days' visit to Jerusalem to take each day a guide of a different Faith—Christian, Moslem and Jew. It is a simple and excellent manner of acquiring information on the amicable relations that exist between the members of the three creeds. Generally speaking the Christian represents Envy; the Moslem, Hatred, and the Jew Malice, though often enough they encroach upon each other's prerogatives.

The day on which I walked round the city walls—it is a long and rather tiring promenade in the heat of early autumn—a Jew was my guide. I had ordered him overnight and met him in the morning at the tourist office. He was dressed in European clothes—a black morning coat, well-creased trousers, bright yellow boots, a high collar, a gaudy silk tie, and on his head a smart new fez. He carried an ebony walking stick, mounted in silver. He was pompous, round and rather red. Before I arrived on the scene he had ordered a motor-car for our promenade, for he felt, he asserted, that I would not care to walk anywhere in that heat. It was unfortunate for him that it had fallen to his turn to be my guide on the only day on which I had decided to make a really strenuous excursion, but, as I reminded him, God tempers the wind, and no doubt the sun too, to the shorn lamb. The walls of Jerusalem must be circumvented on foot, or not at all, for there is no other way. I broke it gently. He expostulated, not on his own account but on mine. "The heat, sir," he said; "the great heat! the track

is steep—even dangerous at places; much climbing. The gentleman "—he coughed slightly and hesitated," is not very young. Strong and healthy, thank God," he added cheerfully, " but *not* young. He will be very tired later on—his health may suffer—Jerusalem in autumn—the sun—fever perhaps, though God forbid—" but I was adamant.

About midday the two of us, after much scrambling and climbing in a temperature that was more typical of Hades than the Holy City, reached the Damascus Gate, about half way round the city walls. Descending to the level of the road I led my tender-footed guide into a native café. He had stuck it well, very pluckily. Collarless, his morning coat over his arm, limping from the tightness of those yellow boots, perspiring and dusty, he sank down on a low settee. Innumerable bottles of lemonade comforted him a little. A friendly waiter sponged his face, his shapeless collar was replaced, his coat brushed, and carrying his yellow boots in his hand I helped him into a taxi. The next day I called to inquire how he was. He had recovered and was going to take an elderly American lady for a drive in a pony carriage to the Brook Kedron and back in the late afternoon. He asked me to give him a reference. I wrote, " Mr. . . . is a remarkably good guide. I recommend him to any enthusiastic tourist desirous of making the very interesting excursion round the walls of Jerusalem." He protested, so I altered the wording, for he had no desire ever to meet another tourist who wanted to do anything so foolish. We parted good friends.

If the majority of the Christian monuments of Jerusalem present no features of great beauty, the same cannot be said of the Moslem buildings. The great enclosure of the Har'm esh-Sharif contains one example of supreme excellence—the Dome of the Rock—and several others of remarkable distinction. The Har'm esh-Sharif occupies the site of Solomon's Temple. It is

an open space 500 yards long and 300 wide, enclosed on two sides by buildings. On the other two there are long intervals in the construction, whence from the level of the top of the town walls extensive views are obtained toward the Mount of Olives and the valley of Yehoshaphat. Not only is the Mosque of the Dome a creation of resplendent beauty, but also the long line of Saracenic colleges and religious institutions that overlook the square on the west and south sides are, perhaps, the finest examples in the world of architecture of that period. The fountain of Qait Bey and the Gate of El-Katenin, the southern arcades and the neighbouring stone pulpit, are things of real beauty. There is, too, a spaciousness about their setting which allows them to be seen to the greatest advantage. The Har'm esh-Sharif is indeed—as its name implies—a lordly sanctuary.

In the centre of this great enclosure stands the Dome of the Rock, erroneously known as the Mosque of Omar. The work of Byzantine architects, it was created at the close of the VIIth century A.D. Restored on more than one occasion, it seems to have suffered in its renovations no permanent disfigurement. In 1016 the dome was destroyed by an earthquake but reconstructed six years later. In 1099 the Crusaders captured Jerusalem and the Mosque became a Christian Church. In 1187 Salah ed-Din expelled the Crusaders and the Har'm esh-Sharif passed back to Islam. The Sultan added to the already existing richness of the decoration and set up above the gallery the beautiful Arabic inscription in faience which still exists to-day. No further modification appears to have taken place until the days of Suliman the Magnificent (1520–1566). The exterior tiling nearly all dates from this period and is of the highest merit, though portions of it have been disturbed and rather haphazardly replaced at different times. The work of skilful restoration is in progress.

The Mosque stands on a platform raised above the level of the ground and is reached by flights of steps.

The building forms an octagon, the exterior of the walls richly decorated in marble and coloured tiles. The drum of the dome is pierced with windows. The dome itself was constructed in A.D. 1022. The general colouring of the whole is blue, the faience being of exquisite tone and brilliancy.

The interior is magnificent. The dome, 75 feet in diameter, is supported on four massive piers and twelve gilded columns. The drum of the dome is lined with coloured mosaics on a gold ground, the work of Byzantine artists of the Xth or XIth centuries. The stained glass windows, which were almost certainly added by Suliman the Magnificent, increase by their luminosity the intense richness of the interior. The floor under the dome consists of the original Rock which gives its name to the building. An iron railing erected by the Crusaders encircles it.

What legends cling to the precincts of this place of worship, dating back to earliest biblical days. It was here, tradition says, that Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac. Here, too, stood the Temple of Solomon, and the Rock was no doubt the altar of Sacrifice. The stone itself is sacred to other creeds, for it bears a mark claimed by the Christians to be the imprint of the foot of Christ, and by the Moslems as that of the Prophet. At another spot is the sign of the grasp of the Angel Gabriel when he thwarted the Rock from following Mohammed to heaven. A Jewish temple, a Christian church and a Moslem Mosque, the Rock has been all of these. If anywhere in Jerusalem there is anything that bears the stamp of the grandeur and glory of any faith or creed, it is the Dome of the Rock. It is beautiful. It is clean, well-tended and cared for and manifests all those signs of devotional esteem which are missing in the dusty, slovenly and ill-kept church of the Holy Sepulchre. Islam glories in its Holy Place; Christianity seems ashamed of its disputed sanctuary. With what reverence the bare-footed Moslems pass amongst its arcades of marble and mosaics;

for after Mecca the Dome of the Rock is the Holy of Holies of Islam.

Near the doorway of the mosque of El-Aksa, nearby—it was once the church of Justinian—a stone slab in the pavement is shown which is said to cover the mortal remains of the murderers of Saint Thomas à Becket. They are reported to have fled to Jerusalem to seek, and let us hope to find, forgiveness for their sins. *Requiescant in pace.*

From the earliest times until the middle ages Palestine never produced an art of its own. Great as the renown of Jerusalem, it owed its fame to its trade rather than to its culture. From North and South, East and West came caravans that discharged their merchandise within its gates, to be bought, sold or exchanged, and carried elsewhere. The city was counted amongst the great Emporia of the East, but the architects and the artists, and the materials that they employed in its construction and its decoration, were introduced from elsewhere.

It was not until a time that seems almost yesterday, compared to Jerusalem's antiquity, that a native art was evolved. It is seen to-day in some of the finest Saracenic buildings that exist in the world, the colleges and religious institutions in the Har'm esh-Sharif to which reference has already been made. Such art treasures as have been discovered in Palestine bear the impress and character of other lands. Nowhere is this better demonstrated than in the Museum at Jerusalem where a very interesting collection is exhibited. But even here little can claim to be of Palestinian origin. All that is best is foreign. Perhaps the most beautiful of the many objects exposed are the marble capitals of columns, found in the church of the Annunciation, gems of exquisite Gothic sculpture dating from the time of the Crusades, and seemingly the work of French artists. There are specimens of old gold jewellery of fine workmanship, and the pottery is of interest, if not for its artistic quality, at least for the

purpose it serves as almost the only means of dating the early periods of history.

It was a few days after my arrival in Jerusalem that I met with the individual who became my guide, philosopher and friend. He was a little Moslem boy, of eleven years of age, with a pathetic wizened little face, none too well washed, and the emaciated body of a very delicate child. His legs were like sticks. He had been ill; run down by motor-car while crossing a road, and one of his hands was permanently injured. He offered to carry my camera, and his English was so good and his appearance so pathetic, that I readily acceded. He was a scholar at the principal Moslem school, but it was holiday time. He knew Jerusalem and its history well, but he informed me that he could not act as my guide, having no licence, but he could carry my camera and incidentally show me round.

He certainly knew the city well, for he had been training to be a guide. Although a Moslem, his knowledge of Christianity far exceeded my own. There wasn't a major or minor Prophet that he didn't seem to have been intimate with, and he rolled out their names with all the opulent sonority of an Archdeacon. To hear him say Rehaboam was a lesson in elocution, and Zaccariah flowed from his lips like the sound of an organ pipe.

From the first he took me in hand seriously. "What have you seen in Jerusalem?" he asked. I told him. "You not 'do' the Via Dolorosa? Then we begin at once. Follow me." Obediently I followed him, far and in great heat. "Here" he said, stopping at last, "we are at first station of the Cross. We will now complete the Via Dolorosa"; and his pronunciation of the name brought out all its meaning. The temperature was excessive, for it was early afternoon, and I had not the least desire to follow the Via Dolorosa, at least not at that hour; but resistance was in vain. When I hesitated, he looked at me with surprise and disapproval. "All good Christians" he said, "who come Jerusalem, 'do' the

Via Dolorosa. You *are* a Christian?" he asked. "I am," I replied. "Then you must 'do' the Via Dolorosa." There are fourteen stations of the Cross, and several of them contain monuments that he insisted on my visiting. From the traditional site of the Prætorium, the steps of which are now at St. John Lateran at Rome, to the church of the Holy Sepulchre he led me, hot, but uncomplaining. In excellent English he explained to me all the incidents that are supposed to have occurred on Christ's passage from the Judgment Hall to the place of the Crucifixion, and incidentally he recounted his own shabby little history. His father had died in prison and his brother, a policeman, paid for his studies at the Moslem school. He had progressed quickly, and had abandoned his intention of becoming a guide and hoped to take up medicine. He spoke already English, French and German, and could write all three moderately. Arabic he read and wrote with tolerable facility. The family had passed through bad times, two or three brothers and sisters had died, which had led to the changing of the names of the survivors, so as to deceive the Angel of Death if he came back to the house for another of them. He, Mohammed, had become Harbi; his brother Musa was now Mustafa; Ayesha, his little sister, had another name. They were very poor.

It did not take this child long to discover my ignorance of Old Testament history. "You know" he said, "what happened to Jeroboam?" I hinted that I did. "What was it?" he asked. Smilingly I replied, "You tell me." "I don't believe you know," he answered suspiciously, and I confessed I did not. From thence on he watched me, a little shocked, as he recounted the anecdotes connected with various sites. Name after name nonplussed me—and he continued to cross-question. At last he looked at me for a while and said solemnly: "I don't believe you ever go school." Indignantly I protested. I informed him that not only had I been at two private schools, but that I had also passed several years

at Harrow and one at Cambridge. He looked a little dubious and said, "You not work very hard, I think?" Again I protested. "Anyhow," he said, "you learn very little" . . . which closed the argument. And the worst of it was that he wasn't far wrong. On all my walks I was accompanied by this promising child, who, in spite of his pitiful little body, walked well. His wisdom was great and his greed of learning still greater. His hard life, always in want, had not deterred him from studying and he spent such little money as he could earn on books.

On one of our walks he took me to see a Synagogue, a building of no particular interest, but he thought I ought to see it, so there was no use in protesting. I was under his orders. While I walked about the building he sat in animated conversation with a grey-bearded Rabbi. On leaving the place I asked him what he had been talking about. "I tell him, Sir, you very good Jew." I have a great admiration for that race, but I cannot claim to belong to it, and I told him so. "I know," he replied; "but you see if I not tell him you very good Jew and he think you Christian you pay him five piastres to visit Synogogue—and now you pay nothing. See?" I saw. A little farther down the street he pointed out to me a little Jew boy about his own age, and said, "This little Jew boy my friend." As they passed they nodded, smiled, and spat—but, as my little friend explained to me, it was quite a friendly spit. His little soul was not devoid of Moslem fanaticism. He pointed out to me, in the Jewish shops, the decoration of the centre of table-cloths which bore Lord Balfour's portrait woven in the material. "That Lord Balfour," he said. "He not my friend. He friend of little Jew boy I spit at." I severely reproved him, without the least effect. One afternoon he accompanied me to the church of the Holy Sepulchre. His knowledge of its every detail and its history was profound. It was on these occasions that his English was at its best, for he had accompanied grown-up guides and acquired not only their descriptive powers but also

their knowledge. "It was here, Sir"—we were in a dark subterranean chapel—"that the blessed Saint Helena, the mother of the Christian Emperor Constantine, found the relics of the Holy Cross"; and his voice had all the reverence of a Bishop bestowing an apostolic blessing. May he profit by his learning, for he had all the grit and the intelligence to make a great scholar. His love of books dominated everything else, and it was to indulge in them that he earned his little wage in showing me, his ignorant companion, Jerusalem.

[The first part of this contribution appeared in the September issue.]

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE change of government in Great Britain has been as welcome in the field of international, as of domestic, affairs, and a journal of the authority of the *Temps* has not hesitated to declare that it constitutes a very severe blow to the parties of the Left all over Europe. If such proves to be the case we British will certainly have cause to congratulate ourselves, for there is only too much reason to suppose that much of the unrest upon the Continent, as well as in the East, during the past two years has been due to the sympathy with which revolutionaries of every sort were regarded by the late Socialist administration, and it was high time that such encouragement ceased.

Yet, when all is said and done, it is impossible not to admire the skill with which Mr. Henderson built up a reputation among his fellow-countrymen as a successful Foreign Secretary. Abroad little was thought of him, but at home one heard even Conservatives express the opinion that the Government's record in foreign affairs was none too bad, while in actual fact it was, of course, about as dismal a failure as it well could be. Mr. Henderson had hardly found his way into the Foreign Office before he began to throw overboard the cardinal principles of British policy in the hope of effecting a naval understanding with the United States. For the first time in history this country officially abandoned the mastery of the seas, upon the possession of which its existence as a Great Power depends, in the hope of thereby securing a general limitation of naval armaments through a Five Power Pact. This proved to be impossible, for the simple reason that an indispensable preliminary condition was an agreement in respect of the balance of power in the Mediterranean, and this could only be reached in Paris and Rome, not in Washington, as one would have thought that Mr. Henderson would have realized.

In the spring of the present year the late Foreign Secretary, accompanied by Mr. Alexander, then First Lord of the Admiralty, made what the Popular Press would describe as a "dash" to the French and Italian capitals, that is to say that they travelled in the ordinary express train, and an expectant world was told on their return that Socialist diplomacy had succeeded in putting an end to the old rivalry between the two Latin Powers. Unfortunately, it soon transpired that Mr. Henderson had so bungled his business as a mediator, by not representing the French terms properly to the Italians, that an agreement was as far off as ever, and the only result of his action was to sow distrust of the British Government in both Italy and France. If Uncle Arthur is allowed to get away with this when the General Election comes, the Conservative Central Office will not be doing its work properly.

Mr. Henderson's Record

ALL this is bad enough, but the record of Mr. Henderson where Russia was concerned is worse. For the recognition of the Soviets there may or may not have been a good deal to be said, but what was quite inexcusable was the weakness of the late Foreign Secretary in his dealings with Moscow. The truth, of course, was that he was not in a position to threaten a rupture of relations, as the Russians well knew, and in consequence they made no effort to suspend their subversive propaganda in the British Empire. Had Mr. Henderson himself been an extremist his attitude would have been at any rate consistent, but he is not, so that sooner than make a firm stand, which would have alienated the Left Wing, and so have endangered his succession to the leadership of the Labour Party, he was prepared to eat any amount of dirt, and to sacrifice vital British interests in the process. The lay-preacher silent, for reasons of his own ambition, before the persecution of the Russian Christians,

is not a pleasant spectacle, nor one that is likely soon to be forgotten.

Since the fall of the government of which he was a member, Mr. Henderson has denied that he precipitated the crisis by indiscreet references to the state of British finances in the presence of high French officials. It is difficult to decide which is the most significant, the rumour, the denial, or the delay in issuing the denial. In fine, the verdict upon Mr. Henderson's tenure of office as Foreign Secretary must be that he regarded the department for which he was responsible from the point of view of the advantages that it might enable him to gain for Socialism, not for Britain, and that he failed of success in this dubious purpose was not due to lack of will, but to want of ability.

Britain's Opportunity

HOW long the National Government will last is, at the moment of writing, uncertain, but the appointment of the Marquess of Reading to the Foreign Office, with Captain Anthony Eden as Under-Secretary, is an excellent augury for the future. Lord Reading is an experienced statesman, who brings to his new office not only one of the ablest brains in the country, but also the diplomatic wisdom born of his service as ambassador at Washington. Captain Eden has long been known as a keen student of international affairs, and the knowledge he acquired as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Austen Chamberlain will stand him in good stead now that he has to answer for the Foreign Office in the House of Commons. To one of his ability and ambition it must be reassuring to recall that Canning served precisely the same apprenticeship.

It is clear that the internal condition of this country will prevent any administration from playing a prominent part upon the international stage for some time to come, but that is no reason why the National Government, and its (presumably) Conservative successor, should not

formulate a definite policy which shall look a little further ahead than the meeting of the next conference, which was as far as Mr. Henderson and his colleagues could see. What is wanted is a consolidation of the forces that make for stability, and if the Marquess of Reading could use his good offices to bring about a Franco-Italian understanding, the forces of law and order in Europe would be immeasurably strengthened. It is the strained relations between the two Latin Powers, rather than those existing between France and Germany (*pace* Lord Cecil), that are at the root of the prevailing instability, and unless the near future witnesses some change for the better there can be but little hope of a successful outcome for the Disarmament Conference next year.

So far as Great Britain is concerned, the whole problem has a special significance, for it was upon the rock of Franco-Italian rivalry that the London Conference was wrecked, and if Rome and Paris were to arrive at a naval agreement British requirements, particularly in the matter of cruisers, could be fixed with something approaching certainty. It is surely not too much to hope that the National Government will live up to its name by pursuing a national foreign policy, that is to say, by working for the formation of an Anglo-Franco-Italian *entente* to preserve the peace of Europe.

The German Situation

BARON WILLIAM DE ROPP writes from Berlin: "The final abandonment of the Austro-German Customs Union has shaken public faith in Dr. Brüning's Cabinet to a dangerous extent, dangerous because a strong and stable government supported by a majority in the country will be urgently needed if Germany is to come through the approaching winter successfully; a winter during which unemployment and economic troubles of every description are expected to reach an unprecedented level. The attacks levelled at the Foreign Minister's policy are no longer limited to the Nationalist

opposition; Dr. Curtius' own party, the Volkspartei, as well as Dr. Brüning's party, the Zentrum, are openly voicing their discontent at the disastrous outcome of the Austro-German plan for which the Foreign Minister is held primarily responsible. Under these circumstances Dr. Curtius must find the difficulties confronting him in his attempt to steer a new course aiming at a Franco-German *rapprochement* almost insuperable.

"German resentment against France has steadily increased during the last few months. At the same time the belief in the omnipotence of French gold has been greatly strengthened by recent events in England. 'Loucheur has succeeded where Napoleon failed' is becoming a popular catchword in German political circles, which are convinced that England has been definitely subjected to French influence, and that Russia is heading in the same direction. In the opinion of many Germans Europe, with the possible exception of Italy, is now ruled by French gold, and an escape from this bondage is impossible under the capitalist system. The growth of Bolshevist sympathies in the most unexpected and conservative quarters results to a large extent from the conviction that the hegemony of French capital can only be ended by the abolition of capitalism. If, in addition, the automatic increase of Communism due to unemployment and general discontent is taken into consideration, the present trend of German affairs can only be viewed with considerable apprehension."

The Austro-German Pact

IT is not, indeed, surprising to hear that the failure to carry into effect the proposed Austro-German Customs Union has had important repercussions in Berlin, since it has struck the most damaging blow at the whole structure of post-war diplomacy. Never was a scheme worse handled than this ill-fated project. At the very moment when the German case against the Peace Treaties was beginning to be viewed in many circles both in

London and Rome with a certain amount of sympathy, Dr. Curtius confronted Europe with a *fait accompli* in the old Bismarckian manner, quite forgetful of the fact that he had neither the Iron Chancellor's financial nor military resources behind him: to make matters worse he failed to attend the economic conference which was assembling in Paris when he launched his thunderbolt, and to defend his action there.

That France, and to a lesser extent Italy, would do everything in their power to frustrate the scheme never seems to have occurred to Dr. Curtius, and as soon as these two Powers began to exert pressure Germany and Austria were forced to give way, for the reference to The Hague tribunal was clearly the beginning of the end. As if this were not enough, a few more weeks had hardly passed before it became obvious that Germany was on the verge of bankruptcy, and was in no condition to take an independent line of this nature in international politics at all. In short, the whole business shows up both the honesty and the capacity of German statesmanship in a very unfavourable light.

Moreover, the decision of The Hague tribunal was manifestly based upon political, rather than upon juridical, grounds, and in consequence has shaken public confidence in the principle of arbitration in international disputes. The plain fact is that so far the machinery of peace has worked badly when really important issues are at stake, though it must be admitted that the complications caused by discussing problems sometimes at Geneva, sometimes at The Hague, and sometimes directly between the nations interested are responsible in many cases for the failure to arrive at a definite settlement. The multiplication of commissions and committees is not the least barrier to progress in this post-war age.

The League Meeting

THE proceedings last month at Geneva prove that the League of Nations is passing through a very difficult

time, perhaps the most difficult since its inception. It is not only that, as has been already mentioned, statesmen are displaying a preference for attempting to settle their differences elsewhere than at Geneva, as that the fear of any of its more prominent members withdrawing from the League is resulting in a refusal to face facts, with the natural result that there is an air of unreality about its meetings. For example, M. Briand in his speech the other day made no allusion whatever to the subject that was uppermost in the minds of all the delegates, namely, the proposal of Signor Grandi for an armaments holiday, and the reason for his silence was not far to seek, for it was the desire to prevent at all costs an open clash between the points of view of France and Italy.

In so far as this policy, which is common in a greater or less degree to all the Powers, is designed to allow of next year's Disarmament Conference meeting in a harmonious atmosphere, there is something to be said for it, but the burking of issues is, unfortunately, a very infectious disease among democratic statesmen: if it is to become a settled policy at Geneva, then the Disarmament Conference will have little hope of success, and yet with that is bound up not only the reputation, but quite possibly the very existence, of the League of Nations itself. If the League is to survive, moreover, it must at all costs take care not to look ridiculous, as it certainly appeared when it elected Mexico to membership in spite of the fact that the latter expressly refused to recognize the Monroe Doctrine, the validity of which is acknowledged by Article 21 of the Covenant.

In these circumstances, it is hard to resist the conclusion that if the members of the League secretariat were a little more acquainted with what is going on outside Geneva it would be better for the prestige of the League itself. That body has always been in far greater danger from its friends than from its enemies, but never has this been more clearly the case than at the present time.

Danubian Problems

A NEW orientation, to use a word beloved of the present age, seems likely in the affairs of the Succession States. The change of government in Hungary, the abandonment of the proposed customs union with Germany by Austria, and the grant of a Constitution in Jugo-Slavia all attest the growth of French influence in the countries watered by the Danube. At first sight, it might appear as if this were a victory for Paris over Rome, and to some extent it is possible of interpretation as such, though French and Italian interests have more in common in this part of Europe than is usually supposed, as was shown by the united front which the two Latin Powers formed in opposition to the Austro-German Pact.

It is safe to assume that every effort will now be made by France, probably with Italian assistance, to prevent any further gravitation of Austria in the direction of Germany, and in this connection the rumours of an approaching restoration of the Hapsburgs are significant, especially when taken in conjunction with the resignation of Count Bethlen. It is not, indeed, likely that the Archduke Otto would care to ascend the Imperial throne during the present economic crisis, but if the storm is weathered satisfactorily his restoration might suit both France and Italy very well indeed. The events of the past twelve years have shown that Austria cannot stand alone, and as the *Anschluss* is out of the question the revival of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in some form is probably inevitable.

King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia is obviously making heavy weather, and in the circumstances his grant of a Constitution is probably wise. The document itself resembles the *Charte* of the French Restoration, and the establishment of open voting seems hardly calculated to give the minorities much chance of representation. If it proves a failure the end of the Jugo-Slav State will be at hand, for the latter suffers from all the disadvantages

attendant upon Austria-Hungary of old, without the compensating asset of an established dynasty. Indeed, it would not be surprising if the activity recently displayed by French diplomacy at Vienna and Budapest represented an attempt to discount in advance the effects of the disintegration of Jugo-Slavia.

Italy and the Vatican

THE international situation affords so much cause for pessimism that the reconciliation between the Papacy and the Italian Government is more than usually welcome: it is, indeed, the most satisfactory event that has taken place for a long time, and is a tribute to Italian diplomacy, both religious and secular. A great deal of nonsense has been written in the British Press upon the subjects in dispute between the two Powers, and the ordinary newspaper reader might be forgiven for supposing that Pius XI was another Boniface VIII, or that Signor Mussolini fancied himself in the *rôle* of the Constable of Bourbon.

The real importance of the settlement lies in the fact that it represents a triumph for the forces of stability in Europe, and a set-back for those of disorder, which alone were the gainers by the quarrel. Such being the case, the less said about the actual balance of gain and loss the better, and the silence of the two protagonists on this point is well worthy of emulation.

The BaVenda*

By E. N. Fallaize

FROM the days when Herodotus looked on the marvels of Egypt, travellers have made of Africa an ever-springing well of romance and wonder. Even in the last materialistic years of the prosaic nineteenth century, the " ruined cities of Mashonaland " called up visions of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba in the pages of Rider Haggard, and less romantic, if hardly less imaginative, writers built up a fabled eastern empire, rich in the gold of African mines, on the evidence of the temple and towers of " a Semitic phallic cult " at the Rhodesian Great Zimbabwe.

Africa, with all her multitudes and variety of peoples, is still a source of wonder in these post-war days, though we may try to see her in the cold " dry light " of science. The " Monomatapae Imperium " and the imperial monarchs of grandiloquent Portuguese writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries fade into the rule of a paramount chief. But even when the remarkable architectural achievement of Great Zimbabwe is seen as no more than an indigenous product and the highest development of a stone-built native kraal, it is none the less an enduring monument to the organizing ability and the energy of those who erected and maintained similar, if less elaborate structures, over a territory extending for some hundreds of square miles and in numbers not even yet exactly known. It is only slowly and as the result of study such as that Mr. and Mrs. Stayt have given to the BaVenda, a Bantu people of the Zoutpansberg district of the Northern Transvaal, that the qualities and capacity of the native peoples of Africa are coming to be known and appreciated. The conception of the average African as lazy, shiftless, unadaptable and capable of intellectual development up to a certain level only, and that not a

* " The BaVenda." By H. A. and E. Stayt, with an introduction by Mrs. A. W. Hoernle. (Oxford University Press for the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures. 30s. net.)

very high one, too often, it is to be feared, is based on an acquaintance which does not extend beyond the detribalized members of the race who have deteriorated under the effect of contact with white civilization. Even those who have travelled in the wilds rarely penetrate below the surface. It requires an intimately detailed knowledge to realize that, viewed in relation to their level of culture and mode of life, many of the African peoples display a remarkable political sagacity in their capability of developing a social organization which will enable them to make the most of their conditions and opportunities. This is the strength and the danger of Africa in the future of modern civilization.

The BaVenda, among whom Mr. and Mrs. Stayt spent three successive seasons while engaged in the study of Venda culture, afford an instructive example of the strength and weaknesses of native African character and institutions, which, notwithstanding considerable variation in culture and difference of race, have much in common over a wide area of the continent. The Bantu peoples, of whom the BaVenda are one, in the course of their migrations have carried their closely related languages, their physical characters—a modification of the negro type due to a refining Hamitic strain, coming, presumably, from the north-east—and certain common elements of culture to East, West and South Africa from a centre of origin somewhere, it may be presumed, in the neighbourhood of the Great Lakes of Central Africa. Of the successive waves of migration into South Africa, which have made of that *cul de sac* an archæological museum of bygone cultures, with the fast disappearing Bushmen and Hottentots as the last living remnants, the BaVenda were the last to cross the Limpopo. This event took place somewhere about the end of the seventeenth century or the beginning of the eighteenth. Although it has been conjectured that their original home was in the Lower Congo area, tradition points with greater probability in the direction of the Great

Lakes. They settled down in what is now Rhodesia, and there, it is probable, they made a stay of some considerable duration. Not only are many of their place-names identical with those of Southern Rhodesia; but their culture, which differs in many significant details from that of all the other Bantu peoples within the Union of South Africa, is closely akin to that of the BaKaranga and other peoples, collectively known as the Mashona, of Southern Rhodesia. Indeed, some of the BaVenda returned across the Limpopo and are now absorbed in the BaKaranga.

The story of the settlement of the BaVenda in the Zoutpansberg and their subsequent history, as pieced together by Mr. Stayt, are instructive. There were two distinct waves of migration, of which the first found the country peopled by a race of agriculturists, whom they subdued and among whom they settled before they were themselves overcome by the second wave. The early agricultural people, who in theory are avoided by the BaVenda, virtually have been absorbed, except that for certain religious ceremonies the co-operation of an hereditary priest of the agricultural people must be obtained—a recognition of the powers and rights of the ancestral spirits of the earlier inhabitants. The distinction between the descendants of the earlier and later waves of migration is still to be observed in certain customs. A tabu forbids the chief of the conquering people to look on the face of a chief of the conquered. If they must meet a wall must separate them. Further, the earlier people practised cremation. Their descendants still disinter their dead and burn their bones at a certain interval after burial. A number of unrelated tribes and groups have attached themselves to the BaVenda at different times; but all now speak one language and they have been welded into one people, intensely self-conscious and, whatever their origin, proud of their membership of the BaVenda. There is one exception. The BaLemba, a people of Semitic appearance, live in

scattered villages, and are the smiths, traders and business men of the BaVenda. They travel up and down the country, settling among the various peoples; but they keep their race distinct and pure by a strict observance of the rule of endogamy; they never marry outside their own people.

The conquering tribes who subdued the earlier agricultural people, like the dominant races among the Bantus elsewhere, were a cattle-keeping people. Cattle disease destroyed their herds and they adapted themselves to agriculture, adopting the hoe, the usual method of Africa, but normally confined to women and tabu to men. Their herds have now been replaced, and, indeed, are more numerous than the country can well support; but the men have not abandoned agriculture. They still cultivate ground additional to that cultivated by the women, though their crops are usually held in reserve. On the other hand, the cattle are now no longer tabu to the women, as they are among other Bantu cattle-keeping peoples. This, however, is only one of the matters in which the position of the women in social organization and religious ritual among the BaVenda is exceptional.

Cattle, it is to be noted are not, as a rule, used for food, but are the principal form of wealth. They serve mainly for the payment of the "lobola" or bride-price. They are owned only by chiefs and headmen, their place among the rank and file of the people being taken by goats. For various reasons, but more particularly owing to the government rules against free movement of cattle as a check on disease, their place in payment of the bride-price is being taken by money.

The consolidation of the BaVenda has been greatly assisted by topographical conditions. Their kraals were situated on the hills and spurs of the Zoutpansberg—positions which were easily defended. The warlike though not aggressive quality of the people enabled them to resist successfully the attacks of their enemies, notably the Zulus. They were also preserved from too close

contact with Europeans and the deteriorating influences in white civilization. After the Boer war part of their country was declared a native reserve and part was thrown open to white settlement. They are now abandoning their hillside village and settling in the plains.

A second influence which must have played a great part in welding the various tribal elements of the BaVenda into a homogeneous whole was the system of government. The chief is the centre of the religious, economic and social life of the whole community. The sacred embodiment of the spirits of the tribal ancestors, he provides rain, and, as part of his politico-religious function, determines the time for sowing and reaping the crops. He decrees the inauguration of important tribal events, such as the initiation ceremonies. His powers, in theory absolute, were the subject of checks, which prevented cruelty and injustice, the most effective being the three councils, composed variously of the petty chiefs, headmen, and the friends, advisers, and officials of the chief. These assisted him in his legislative, administrative and judicial functions. Under white rule, the chief is no longer the leader of his people in war, and his political and judicial powers have been much restricted. Consequently he has lost, to a great extent, the respect and unquestioning obedience formerly accorded to him by his subjects. Thus deprived of many of their functions, the chiefs have little to do, and spend their time in pursuits which dissipate the inherited wealth on which their power depends.

No analysis that is possible here could do justice to the meticulous care with which Mr. Stayt has observed and recorded the details of every side of BaVenda life, social organization and religious belief. "The BaVenda" is one of the most complete accounts of the culture of an African people that has ever appeared. It will take rank with Junod's "Life of a South African Tribe." Notwithstanding its high scientific merits, however, it would

be a mistake to regard it as of purely academic interest. Although Mr. Stayt touches but rarely upon points in which native life has been affected by white administration, his book provokes reflections upon the broader aspects of the native problem in South Africa, and, indeed, in Africa as a whole, which on the lowest estimate are disquieting. It leaves us with an uneasy questioning as to whether even yet, certain essentials in that problem have been grasped at all.

The severest test of native policy throughout Africa in the near future will be detribalization—the extent to which it will avert the premature emancipation of the native from tribal custom and control before some adequate substitute has been provided. In West Africa the system of indirect rule aims at preserving the native's interest in his institutions by leaving native control in native hands through those institutions, while moulding them gradually into accord with the ideas and conceptions of what is termed conventionally "higher" civilization. In South Africa, the native problem is of a dual character—on the one side is the native in close and continuous touch with white civilization in towns and elsewhere, thoroughly detribalized, entering into competition with white labour, and the cause of the colour bar; on the other is the native of the reservations, still living under tribal institutions, but at intervals withdrawing in large numbers to provide labour for industries such as mining. On their return, comparatively wealthy, these natives become a source of indiscipline within the tribe. Hence the lack of respect for tribal tradition and authority to which Mr. Stayt refers—his evidence could be multiplied many times by examples from other sources.

The system of native reserves was instituted as a measure of protection for the native from the encroachments of white settlement on his lands and from the less edifying elements in white civilization. In other parts of the world the system of reservations for

aborigines has proved effective in certain respects. The stationary or decreasing numbers of the aboriginal population must be regarded, however cynical this view may seem, as having provided an inevitable, if unfortunate, solution of the problem of their future in a civilized community. In Africa the case is otherwise. Not only is it impossible for Africa to remain a museum of anthropological curiosities; but the population, freed from the drain of war and other evils, is in many areas increasing. Under an unprogressive system of reserves it is a growing danger when the position and authority of the chief is undermined, as in the case of the BaVenda, by white administration. The success of political agitators in South Africa, and to a certain extent among the natives of Kenya, points unerringly to the necessity for direction towards an outlet adequate to absorb the energies of the politically minded African which have hitherto expended themselves on the many ramifications of tribal organization. In other words, a native policy must be framed which deals not merely with the problems of the moment but takes long views. The experiments of Kenya are even more instructive in their present difficulties than in their measure of success.

If no other evidence were available, the history of the BaVenda would go to show that, notwithstanding frequently expressed opinion, the African is adaptable to circumstance. World-wide economic factors, such as the growth of population, and the consequent necessity for the increase of food supply and raw material, will in the long run force the development of the fertile areas of Africa now in native occupation; the greater part of Africa is a black man's country, even if under white direction. When the time comes will Africa be ready to meet the call? The responsibility rests with the white man, and most of all with ourselves.

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

(*Being Further Extracts from the Private Diary of Mr. Charles Fiddington, Gentleman*).

August 20th.—It is good news that the crisis through which the country is passing has not entirely distracted our attention from the grave state of affairs at the Oval. There is, I understand, to be an immediate inquiry into the attack on the umpire, and the threat to smash the pavilion windows. This incident serves to show that the public is in an ugly mood, and not at all inclined to be trifled with or put off with empty promises of play after lunch. Our cricket rulers must realize once and for all that the people of this country demand action, and that a continuation of lethargy in high places might result in further demonstrations. Nobody, at this moment, wishes to see an infuriated mob marching on Lord's Cricket Ground, and possibly looting the pavilion. Nor will temporary expedients satisfy the public any longer.

August 21st.—A great coming and going all day in Downing Street. At 1.25* the Prime Minister arrived, a special messenger having delivered the latest news to him on the golf course. At 2.30 he came to No. 10, having flown to London, and by 2.45 was on his way back to Scotland. At 4.30 he was again sent for by the bankers, but the order was cancelled soon after he had started. At 11.15† Sir Samuel Hoare arrived, but turned back when he reached the door of No. 10. Sir Herbert Samuel was going to and fro the whole morning, but would not commit himself to a statement. Crowds gathered in Whitehall mistook the Prime Minister for a popular film-star, and were dispersed by the police, who drove them towards Trafalgar Square. Here they ran into another crowd, who thought a fashionable wedding was being celebrated at St. Margaret's, and swept down

* This has since been contradicted. It was apparently 1.27.

† Or 11.16. Reports vary.

Whitehall. A banker, wearing a false beard, was caught in the garden at No. 10, and arrested on a charge of loitering, whereupon the crowds chanted in chorus, "We want Miss Bondfield." Mr. Snowden appeared on the roof of No. 10, and made a short statement to the effect that Miss Bondfield was not there. He was pelted with rotten fruit and eggs and stink-bombs. At 5.15 Sir James Maxton arrived, and left again at 5.17 by the back door. He looked worried.

August 22nd.—Several ministers arrived early at Downing Street, and kept on leaving and coming back. The Prime Minister appeared on the doorstep at midday to have his photograph taken, and those in the crowd who wanted his autograph were invited inside. A large car drove up at 1.30, and Mr. George Robey got out and went into No. 10, to the accompaniment of loud cheers. He was wearing his famous little bowler and clerical coat. He was joined at 1.45 by Mr. Leslie Henson.* Sir Herbert Samuel made seventeen† visits between 1.30 and 5.30, as against Sir Josiah Stamp's fifteen. The crowds barracked Mr. Snowden when he tried to get away unobserved. Mr. Robey and Mr. Henson left at 4.15 and drove straight to the Bank of England, where they were joined almost immediately by the Home Secretary. So rapid was the march of events that one could hardly keep pace with them. A touch of comedy was added to an otherwise grave situation when Mr. Henderson, who was hiding behind a policeman, was pulled out by Lord Reading.

These days are showing, at any rate, that the nation comes first in the thoughts of its representatives, and that the power of rapid decision is saving the country from an ugly crisis.

August 23rd.—They say that Sir Oswald Mosley is missing his big chance, and that a round-robin has been sent to him, imploring him to save England.

* There have been unofficial denials of this. But it seems clear that Mr. Henson was there.

† This was a record.

August 24th.—Saved! As a writer ably expressed it in the *Evening Standard*, we have been witnesses of that "mixture of determination and Highland pride which are the twin pillars of his (Mr. MacDonald's) character. Once again, having taken his decision, he has refused to bend the knee . . . He has made his place secure among British statesmen and among those British patriots who in the hour of need have never failed to put the State before their party and before themselves."

What more need be said?* England has emerged from the trial greater than ever; a true land, not only of hope, but of glory.

August 25th.—A surly fellow complained yesterday at the club that the average Englishman has had no notion of what was going on during the recent crisis, and could not understand why these problems, which were foreseen and inevitable, should not have been discussed long ago. The rest of us very properly rebuked him for his want of trust in our statesmen. The old country has always muddled through, and will do so again, whether the public knows what the trouble is all about, or not. Ours not to reason why.

August 26th.—Miss Amy Johnson has been kissed in Tokyo by the man with the longest moustache in the world.†

August 28th.—Another claim to be able to control the weather has been made by a scientist of Rijswijk in Holland. All you have to do is to go up in an aeroplane and sprinkle powdered carbon dioxide on the clouds, which will immediately dissolve in rain. When farmers want sunshine they will be able to clear the sky in this manner. If there are no clouds, and the farmers want rain, they must make use of artificial winds to blow distant clouds down the sky, to where men with powdered carbon dioxide will be waiting to spring on them.

August 29th.—A romantic story of enterprise, as

* Nothing, for heaven's sake!

† This is a record.

thrilling as any old tale of the buccaneers, has just come my way, during some haphazard reading. It proves that commerce has not lost its glamour, and that the adventurous spirit is not dead. The story concerns the three brothers Schweinhaus, Sol, Ben and Israel, who, ten years ago, arrived in Paris penniless from one of the Central European countries. Sol started a beauty parlour, Ben a dressmaking business, and Israel became a consulting diet expert. Ben's job was to start a craze for backless evening dresses, and in course of time all his clients had to go to Sol, to have their backs beautified. Sol gave them a treatment which necessitated a visit to a diet expert, since he said that only certain foods were good for the back.* Then he would mention Israel's name, which by then was Jean Latouche. Sol had become Emil Lebon, and Ben was Francois Valmy-St. Grégoire. Between the three of them they soon could do what they liked with the fashionable world of Paris and London. It is a stirring story, and the managing director of a large firm of multiple shops, addressing his employees the other day said: "This is the kind of splendid thing that is happening while our public schools go on droning out their Greek irregular verbs." I think he did the public schools an injustice. Every day they are producing men as talented as the Schweinhaus brothers, and every bit as capable of holding their own in this competitive era.

August 31*st*.—A Captain and Mrs. Bassenthwaite have seceded from the Round Church Movement and founded a branch of their own. All this tropical growth of new religions is an excellent sign of a rich spiritual life. We cannot have too many of them. As Mrs. Funborough† said at Ipswich last week, "I look forward to the day when every man will have his own religion. One man, one creed."

* He was the first to think of this trick.

† The temporary secretary of the Egocentrist Movement, and a weekly preacher at the Potato Lodge Conventicle, Balham.

The cause of the split is said to have been Mrs. Bassenthwaite's uncompromising attitude towards Sin, which her chief opponent, Mrs. Mason, calls "a subjective phenomenon."

September 2nd.—It looks as if the event of the month, from the point of view of entertainment, will be the long-awaited talking, singing and dancing film-version of Pepys's Diary. It is to be called "See You Later, Girls," and will include a colossal panorama of the Fire of London, a tiger hunt in East Africa, the murder of the Princes in the Tower, and a scene between Pepys and Queen Elizabeth at the Admiralty. The producer said, in an interview, "We have not used any of the actual Diary, but we think we have succeeded in preserving the spirit of those times, and in presenting the most modern idea of the Great Lover. The dancers in the Tower of London scene are real Russians,* and our leading lady has studied old plans of London, and has learnt to read, in order to soak herself in the period."

September 3rd.—Every right-thinking man will condemn the frivolous action of the well-known publisher who has begun the autumn publishing season by issuing forty of last year's novels under new names. Unfortunately the critics did not detect the deception, with the result that they have been made, by the most unsportsmanlike methods, to look very stupid.

The controversy over Mr. Prim's seven-hundred-thousand word history of a family who settled in Orpington in 1904, continues to rage. Mr. Prim denies that he authorized the insertion of a joke into the book, and claims that anything in the nature of humour is foreign to the whole scheme of such grimly realistic stories. "We are not back in the days of Dickens," he said bitterly in a recent interview. Certainly the precedent is dangerous. What would happen if Mr. Galsworthy or Mr. Walpole started having funny episodes or

* Princes and Princesses, except for one Grand Duke.

depicting people with a sense of humour?* Who can say?

September 5th.—We cannot but applaud the patriotic action of the Gas, Light and Coke authorities, in coming forward at a time of national crisis with a scheme for illuminating artificial flowers at night, by the introduction of tiny electric bulbs beneath the petals. This should be particularly effective with the new concrete roses.

September 7th.—A Senior Lady Helper of the Taverns of Youth Society, which is a branch of the Youth Hostels and Open Air Comradeship League,† speaking at Peacehaven the other day, said that she hoped to have a Tavern in every picturesque village by the end of 1932. Lady Volunteers are coming forward in large numbers, owing to the growing feeling in the country that those who sacrifice their time and give up their pleasures in order to keep fit by "hiking" have every right to expect similar sacrifices from the rest of the nation. "In every village," said the Lord Mayor recently, "the flower of England will be able to get a good glass of warm milk and a slice of seed cake. The Urge to Fitness must be organized, like everything else to-day."

September 8th.—The curate who asserted last week that love was unknown among the film actors and actresses of America was, it seems to me, talking rather extravagantly. Almost every day some wife is suing another woman for alienating her husband's affections.‡ The latest case concerns a young lady who took a leading part in one of the jungle productions. It was alleged that, while acting her part in the jungle, she captivated the hero, and the wronged wife, accordingly, claimed compensation. The beautiful lady's path was not strewn with roses. On the contrary, it was strewn with snakes and insects. "She had to crawl in the grass, clad only in a monkey skin." Yet something in her manner of crawling among the

* Ask the P.E.N. Club, or one of the studio gangs.

† Which is, in itself, a branch of the Woodlore, Folk-Craft and Good Deed League.

‡ See Trauche's "Which is the dangerous year?"

animals and insects may have appealed to the hero. And it was thought that she had found time to bewitch him, in the intervals of sunstroke, dysentery, malaria, tertian ague, snake-bite, blood-poisoning, hysteria, hallucinations, dyspepsia, claustrophobia, agoraphobia, thanatophobia, leophobia, insectophobia, noctophobia, diophobia, quidquephobia, parallox, leaf-sickness, nostalgia and plant-sickness. As a friend commented, "She had to work hard for her man." But it seems that she never tried to get him, for the Court found her not guilty.

I see that a well-known psychologist* says that when a wife feels that her husband is growing tired of her, she would do well to suggest a trip to the jungle. That seems to me rather an impracticable way of facing a domestic crisis.

September 9th.—An extraordinary scene occurred at a recent first-night, which illustrates the danger of the breakdown of all the old barriers, and the effects of allowing actors and actresses to mix with Society. A well-known hostess arrived with her party in the middle of the second act, and one of the young men in the party made signs to the leading lady. She became confused on recognizing so many friends, and without realizing what she was doing, began to talk to the occupants of the box. She was eventually persuaded by the well-known hostess to climb off the stage into the box, and the stage-manager was powerless, because all his publicity came from this little group. The understudy was sent for, but it was found that she was already in the box, and preparing to go off to supper. After five minutes, during which the audience became restive, the whole party left the theatre and the curtain was brought down. The incident has been widely discussed, and the play is sure to be a great success. But is all this advisable?

September 14th.—It was a good idea, after the success of the flood-lighting campaign, to follow up with a musical

* Professor Kottscheud of Dettingen.

campaign. Last night, soon after midnight, loud-speakers were fixed to all the prominent buildings in London, and music was broadcast to the expectant millions. The complaints made prove that there are still people who do not love music. But the storm of cheering which swept the West End when Wagner's Valkryie music swelled high over Piccadilly, brought many jaded sleepers from their beds, and proved that London knows how to enjoy herself.

September 16th.—It was a grave error of official organization to allow the Peace Procession of yesterday to clash with the return of the Liquor Commission, the Girl Guides' March Past, the Deputation of Spiritualists to Downing Street, the civic welcome to the first man to swim the channel fully dressed, and the trial of the new three-way system of traffic. The chaos was considerable, and there were nasty scenes between Spiritualists and Girl Guides, who met at the corner of Whitehall. One medium was jabbed in the eye.

Welcome to the Springboks

By D. R. Gent

THIS is going to be a notable season in the history of Rugby football, and for many reasons, though the most important is probably the visit of a representative side from South Africa.

I well remember the previous two sides that South Africa sent us, for they came during my playing days, and I had the very great pleasure of playing against them both. First there was Paul Roos's side, that came in 1906, the season following the visit of the original "All Blacks." Because they wore as their badge the figure of a springbok (a South African antelope), the South Africans were called the Springboks, and the name has stuck to them ever since. And what a magnificent side this was of Paul Roos's! Coming so soon after the New Zealand side, comparisons were inevitably made between these two great sides, and as I played against them both I have often compared them myself. But I have never quite been able to decide which was the better side, though of this I am certain—they were the two best touring sides that have ever visited this country, and they were the equals of any British sides I have ever seen. The brilliantly-daring A. F. Marsburg at full-back (the crowd at Swansea carried him off the field in admiration after the Wales and South Africa match), J. D. Krige, A. Stegmann, and J. A. Loubser among the three-quarters, H. W. Carolin and F. ("Uncle") Dobbin at half, and Paul Roos himself, Douglas Morkel (to become still more famous with the 1912 side), and W. A. Millar (captain of the 1912 side) among the forwards are just a few of the players in that first Springboks' side that stand out in one's memory—a side that was brilliant behind the scrum and quite good forward.

Then came W. A. Millar's side in 1912, a team of magnificent forwards and good backs. The outstanding players here were probably G. Morkel, a great full-back, J. A. Stegmann (a brother of the previous Stegmann),

W. J. Mills, and R. R. Luyt among the three-quarters, the same "Uncle" Dobbin and F. P. Luyt at half, and, in addition to Millar and Morkel, G. Thompson and J. A. Francis among one of the best packs that I have ever seen. This second side had the honour of winning all its international matches, being the first touring side to do so, whilst their win over England at Twickenham was the only defeat sustained by England at Twickenham from the opening of the ground (in 1910) till 1926, when Scotland won.

Well, these are the magnificent fellows that the "1931" Springboks are following, and a high standard in every respect has been set them. But everything points to our present guests being worthy of their predecessors. The team has been built up on the lines of the "1912" side, with big forwards who can scrummage and play close football, and backs who are nippy, fast, and resourceful. The forwards are reported to average 14 st. 6 lbs. in weight, which means that they are of exceptionally fine physique, and much bigger than most of our packs. One thing I am profoundly thankful for, and that is that the South Africans have no room for the wing forward. I haven't time to go into this fully now, but this I will say—the wing forward and his antics are the curse of modern Rugby football.

They take their football very seriously in South Africa, and the honour of representing the Dominion in this country is most eagerly sought after. I remember a prominent member of the 1912 side giving me a striking illustration of this. After the final trial for that tour, the teams were entertained to dinner, and the composition of the side was to be announced after the dinner. Two friends of his were so moved with disappointment when their names were not read out that they both left the table and went outside and cried bitterly.

There seems to be the same tremendous keenness nowadays, and the country generally looks upon the tour as an event of real national importance. The

Cape Times not only gave three columns on its most important page to details of the personnel of the chosen side, but its leading article, too, was on "The chosen 29." Before deciding on the side, eleven trial matches were played, and over a hundred different players figured in them. Two full-backs, eight three-quarters, four half-backs, and fifteen forwards were ultimately chosen to make up the party, whilst T. Pienaar, who captained the side that went to New Zealand in 1921, will act as team manager. Judging from what I hear, and from what their own papers say, they expect to do very well forward, and to hold their own at least behind the scrummage.

The outstanding player appears to be B. L. Osler (he has a brother who plays for his college at Oxford, I believe), the outside half, or fly-half, as the South Africans prefer to call the player in this position. They say that he is the same type of player as W. J. A. Davies and Percy Bush, brilliant individualists with an amazing talent for dropping goals, and the opinion in South Africa is that he is the greatest match-winner they have ever seen. Well, all I can say is that if he is anything like as good as "Dave" or Bush was, he will be worth going a long way to see. But I am told privately that one of the "stars" will almost certainly be P. de Villiers, the scrum half, and as that is my old position, to say nothing of the extreme importance of the position generally, I am looking forward with very great interest to seeing him play. He weighs under ten stone, which, of course, is not uncommon with scrum halves (the greatest scrum half I have ever seen (R. M. Owen) was under ten stone), and if the South African is as good as they say he is, what a treat we shall have when he meets the best scrum half in the four countries here—W. C. Powell, who weighs over twelve stone! And won't Osler and de Villiers take some watching if their forwards give them plenty of the ball?

It is difficult to forecast how we shall fare against this specially selected side. But, for goodness' sake,

don't let us start croaking if we get well and truly beaten quite often. Here is a side chosen from a very healthy young race, and frightfully keen on their job—that of playing Rugby for South Africa. They are here solely for that purpose, and will, of course, win very many more matches than they will lose. On the other hand, we shall go on in our free-and-easy way, working betimes and taking our game of Rugby as it comes. The standard of the game in any of the countries hasn't been very high for some years now, except, perhaps, in Wales, and it is in the Principality that the tourists are likely to be most seriously extended. Still the occasion and the atmosphere at Twickenham, Murrayfield, and Lansdowne Road will make the chosen representatives of the other three countries far from easy to beat. But whatever the results are going to be, I am quite confident that a great impetus to Rugby football will be given by the whole-hearted vigour, the tremendous keenness, and the degree of skill shown by our most welcome guests. I had intended dealing with some other points of interest in this season's Rugby, and especially the modifications in the laws of the game, two or three of which are exceedingly important. I may be allowed, perhaps, to do that later on. Meanwhile I am sure we would all like to bid the South Africans a most hearty welcome, and to hope that they will have many hard games.

Literary Notes

LITERARY mysteries are common; good literary mysteries are few. The best I remember for years is the mystery of the authorship of "Malice Aforethought." That book was published months ago by Mr. Gollancz (or "Mundanus") at 3*s*., in yellow paper covers. Mr. Gollancz announced that the work was by "a famous novelist" who preferred to remain anonymous, and who intended to write more books of the sort.

* * *

¶ I read the book and I thought it extraordinarily good. Part of it, patently, was based on the Major Armstrong case; the little doctor was very like the little solicitor who coxed his College boat, and the extension of the sense of power was very much the same in both instances. Most of the characters in "Malice Aforethought" were called after Devonshire place-names. Dr. Bickleigh—there is a Bickleigh, and a very pleasant Bickleigh, near Plymouth. Sir Tamerton Foliott—there is a Tamerton Foliott near the same town. Miss Cranmere—is not Cranmere Pool the heart of Dartmoor and the source of almost all the great rivers of that noble country? That sort of clue means a great deal to most people. I noticed that, day after day, while this story was running as a serial in the "Daily Express," correspondents wrote in to say that they were quite sure that the book was written by Major Brett-Young (who used to live at Brixham, in Devon), by Mr. Eden Phillpotts (Devonshire to the marrow), and by Uncle Tom Cobley and all.

* * *

¶ It is possibly the best shocker ever written. It is psychologically extraordinarily good; it is the work of a born novelist; it is humorous and witty as well as tragic; the only mistake in it is the stunt at the end. I thought and thought as I read it, what famous novelist has the qualities to write this book? I couldn't, frankly, think of one! Some hadn't the brains; some hadn't the

humour; some hadn't the knowledge of men; and some hadn't the knowledge of women. The medical knowledge I didn't bother about, as any sensible person could mug that up from a friend. In the end I came to the conclusion that "famous novelist" was stretching a point; that the only novelist I knew (and I don't know him) who might have written the book was Mr. Charles Williams, author of "War in Heaven." I may be wrong; very likely I am; but I don't see why I shouldn't hazard a conjecture as much as the next man. The odd thing is that I still don't know whether that Mr. Charles Williams is the same Mr. Charles Williams who, years ago, published (with the Oxford University Press) certain rather difficult and eclectic poems which very much engaged my attention. There is my guess at the identity of "Mr. Francis Iles." If I am wrong, I am wrong in a numerous company.

* * *

¶ Something is happening to the "shocker" which is a reflection of something that is happening in life. Time was, in the great "Raffles" era, when a thrilling shocker could be based on the theft of an emerald or a rope of pearls. Now it is Murder, Murder, Murder. The murder of a millionaire in his library, poisoned or jabbed in the breast by a Malayan Kriss, is already *vieux jeu;* the "thriller" writer now is chiefly engaged in inventing some new and surprising murderer. A book has just come out in which the murderer of three prefects and a housemaster at a school turns out to be the quite charming wife of another housemaster. After this a Prime Minister (who certainly wouldn't be suspected of murdering his secretary, though adequate provocation must often have occurred); and, after that, we shall have an Archbishop of Canterbury murdering his Examining Chaplain. And then what? Even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea, and the present vogue of the shocker will be exhausted. After certain years it will return: probably with "Who Stole the Diamond Necklace?"

I doubt, as I write, if anybody knows anything at all about currency and economics. The one thing I do know is that the pound is going to drop and that I shall no longer be able to buy French novels as cheaply as I have been buying them for some years past. While the going's good, or not so bad as it might be, I recommend readers to buy and read "La Femme de Pilate," by Jean Damase. It reproduces the Gospel Story in modern Syria, under the French mandate; its central character is a quite disgustingly complacent French officer; but it is written in perfect prose, and with that scientific and detached attitude towards fact that is so rare in this country. Readers may be annoyed by the book, but no reader could be bored. Is not that saying something? Any English publisher who takes it up will do well for himself. So there is "something for nothing."

PETER PIPER.

Reviews of Books

MUSTAFA KEMAL. A biography by DAGOBERT VON MIKUSCH. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.)

THE Book Society, who have placed this volume on their list for the month, have not, in this instance, lived up to their reputation, for of the many books on Turkey that have appeared in the last four years, this least of all deserves commendation. The author appears to have spent some six months of 1928 in Turkey and tells us, with disarming candour, that he has compiled this book from "widely scattered sources of information, particularly in English, French and Italian publications and newspapers," "from detached fragments" of his hero's personal recollections, and from (unspecified) Turkish documents, presumably with the assistance of an interpreter. Only the last fifteen pages deal with events since 1926, and then only in a series of vague generalizations.

Of the 200,000 or so words which go to make this volume, about half consists of an ill-written and wholly uncritical commentary on pre-war Turkey, of which the following is a fair sample (p. 107):

> "The famous German 'panther-spring' to Agadir in July 1911 brought the fermenting world crisis to a head all at once. France wants to remain the sole master in Morocco. England has meanwhile secured the Sudan and joins France. In place of Edward VII, who died the year before, Sir Edward Grey now carried on the great game . . . Persia is unreservedly handed over to Russia, and the Young Persians are scattered. By the permission of Russia, ex-Shah Mohammed Ali is re-established as an absolute ruler."

The description given at page 131 of the circumstances in which the *Goeben* was allowed to enter the Dardanelles is inconsistent with the known facts (*cf.* Winston Churchill—"The World Crisis," i. 256 and 482): it has nothing to do with Mustafa Kemal, and is borrowed, uncritically, from another publication. The truth is that an Alliance between Germany and Turkey had been concluded on August 2nd, and the *Goeben* had secured the permission of the Sublime Porte to enter the Dardanelles by wireless from Denusa and was under no necessity to lie at the entrance to the Dardanelles. It was piloted through a passage in the mine field immediately on arrival. Of the final act in the Palestine campaign the author writes—

> "Mustafa Kemal established a line immediately south of the mountain-range on the frontier of Asia Minor, and issued the order —the enemy must not be allowed to cross this line!
>
> "And they never did cross it. All the onslaughts of the English were repelled. That was, for the Turks, the concluding act of the Great War.
>
> "But the line which the General ordered to be held at all costs is almost exactly the frontier of the Turkey of the present day."

In the interests of historical accuracy it is well to state that

the Armistice for which Turkey had for some weeks been pleading prevented any "onslaughts" by the English on this line.

On page 181 we learn that the United States was offered the Mandate over Turkey and that President Wilson sent a Commission of Enquiry to discover the popular attitude towards the proposal. The reference is of course to the Mandate over the Armenian provinces?

Several pages are devoted to the alleged confession of "a well-born Indian Muslim" that he had been trained "by the English Secret Service" and after a course of study at Oxford, sent to Egypt, Afghanistan (where he murdered the Amir) and Persia (as an English Consul), and finally to Angora to murder Mustafa Kemal, the reward being £100,000!

Recommended by the Book Society, forsooth!

No specific incident of later date than 1927 is mentioned anywhere in the book, which indeed seems to have been written earlier and to have been hastily brought up to date. The relations of Turkey with her neighbours, and with the League of Nations, are ignored, as also are the very striking economic developments of the past five years.

The Turkish Republic is the creation of Mustafa Kemal, just as modern Persia is the creation of Riza Shah. Both are military dictators, both have seized power and used it ruthlessly to forward their own conceptions of national welfare, and both embody the spirit of their respective countries. Mustafa Kemal has been responsible for massacres of hundreds of thousands of Armenians, Greeks and Kurds, conducted on a scale which has no parallel in the history of Asia and with a ferocity exceeding that of Chingiz Khan and Tamerlane, because it was cold blooded and in pursuit of a deliberate policy. Riza Shah, on the other hand, has never shed blood, if he could avoid it. In Turkey many hundreds have died a cruel death by brutal methods on public gallows for political crime after mock trials. In Persia such things have not happened. Persia is a member of the League; Turkey, like Soviet Russia, remains outside.

Though we need not admire Mustafa Kemal, these facts should not blind us to his greatness, but they may serve to remind us that bloodshed is not the only way to national unity, and that a spirit of intense national feeling is not inconsistent with active participation in the work of the League of Nations.

There is no map and no bibliography: the index is a bare list of proper names.

A. T. WILSON.

A CONSIDERATION OF THACKERAY. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (Milford. 7s. 6d.)

THE classics should be devoured young. Infancy and boyhood are the proper time for omnivorous reading; but, since each generation, once on the safe side of the schoolroom, is necessarily

beguiled by the latest of the great reputations, each generation misses some, at least, of its parents' favourite novels. For those born in the 'eighties, Meredith and Hardy were beginning to replace Dickens and Thackeray, and, of this last pair, Thackeray was the more likely to be skipped because (unlike Dickens) Thackeray was not, also, a nursery-classic. The best of my own life has been spent reading, but so largely the same books over and over again that every day the size of the number of unread classics seems to grow bigger. Thackeray's four best-known works were read at school, but the present writer can never claim to be one who has "read everything." For the benefit of others in the same plight, which to-day (one notices) excludes Meredith and, if less, Hardy, this collection of Prof. Saintsbury's Introductions will be very valuable: the more, because the books are discussed in chronological order, with the relevant biographical hints grafted upon each of the prefaces. It happens to reach me fresh from "Vanity Fair" and only less fresh from "The Four Georges." The matter is not superfluous since Thackeray lately again came my way by reading a very delightful book; the *Letters* (published a year ago) of Maarten Maartens. His vogue was interrupted by the war; his best novels and short stories are worthy of respect; his Master, he said, was Thackeray.

To turn from "The Price of Lis Doris" by Maartens to "Vanity Fair" is to understand the phrase. Both made character, not circumstance, the pivot of their narrative; both had what the silly world calls a cynical eye for the meannesses of mankind, since Original Sin was the central fact about Man in their wide experience; both also had a tender heart that they were not ashamed of showing; both made a quaint sandwich of their books by alternative layers, paragraph by paragraph, of sentiment and cynicism; both impaired the novelist's illusion of life by this means; and both sacrificed it gladly to the indulgence of displaying to the reader their strong likes and dislikes for the persons introduced. To this simplicity and to this tenderness the modern novelist has said goodbye, and even Prof. Saintsbury scarcely allows enough for the effect of "dating" upon our youngsters produced by the change. To Mr. Aldous Huxley, Thackeray probably seems as incorrigibly untidy in his art as he seemed (I believe) incorrigibly like the antithesis of the "æsthetic novel" to the younger George Moore, a writer saturated in the more detached method of Flaubert and of the post-Romantic tradition of the French novel. Mr. Huxley's way would seem to Thackeray as disgustingly cold and clammy as Thackeray may seem to the Huxleyites damp, and patchy, and perspiringly warm, with the little cold beads of cynicism dripping from his pages. It is, really, almost as much a matter of method as of taste. It means only that Thackeray was robustly built (not

strong), sprawlingly happy, and unbuttoned; and that the Huxleyites prefer a more self-conscious, disillusioned and dandified drawl. Thackeray "hiked" in narrative, and "hiking," in novels, has ceased to be the mode.

With this, to-day, necessary footnote, the Saintsbury Introductions stand; and their best value is to remind us by their knowledge, sequence, and humane tolerance how much the victims of any anti-Thackeray prejudice will be missing if they neglect Thackeray. He had both wit *and* pathos, though he rarely married them. He was, admittedly, in the amateur tradition of English narrative, but, since this amateur-tradition *is* English, it remains in the blood even of those novel-readers who prefer, excusably enough, their novels in French. We *can* manage, every now and then, to produce an artist in narrative; but our instinct lies the other way, and so those fine Englishmen, Thackeray and Dickens, still survive here the worst that can, by fair criticism, be proved against them. The critical case for Thackeray is splendidly argued here. OSBERT BURDETT.

FASHION IN LITERATURE: A STUDY OF CHANGING TASTE. By E. E. KELLETT. (Routledge. 12s. 6d.)

MR. KELLETT is writing on a subject on which he has already shown himself something of an authority. In this book of 369 pages he seems to me to have missed a most interesting opportunity, or both of two opportunities. He might have written a philosophical and psychological treatise on the enjoyment of art and literary art in particular: for such an investigation Mr. Kellett is perhaps not fully qualified. But for a detailed historical account of the major changes of literary taste in England no one is better equipped. He has a great variety of surprising and pertinent learning; and he knows how to apply it without pedantry, in such a way as to illuminate the matter and enliven the style of his discourse. Neither of these interesting lines of investigation is that which Mr. Kellett has chosen to take. We cannot blame the author for not performing what he has not undertaken; yet we may regret that Mr. Kellett has provided merely a superior Guide to literary Self-Culture, of a much more advanced grade than the primers of Arnold Bennett and such exponents.

After a preliminary chapter on Taste in general, which displays much etymological knowledge without, I feel, getting us very far in any direction, Mr. Kellett discusses Literary Taste in particular, Criticism, and the Rise of Conscious Art. He then, in successive chapters, considers the several chief excesses into which literary fashions may fall: e.g. preciosity, ingeniosity, allegory, the grotesque, and so on. On all these matters he usually says the right thing, or at least one of the right things to be said. This is the book to put in the hands of those defective lovers of literature

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—and they form a numerous class—who do not understand why it might be worth their while to enlarge their appreciation of literature, and those others who desire to do so but do not know how to go about it.

Accepting the scope and design of the book for what they are, I find still two points on which I wish Mr. Kellett had expatiated. He perorates

> Let us then endeavour to cultivate a catholic and generous taste; to read widely if not voraciously, and to welcome works of all kinds and of almost every rank: to find room in our sympathies not merely for the great but for the little, not merely for the exquisite but for the rough—nay, not merely for the good but for an occasional experience of the bad.

It is true that Mr. Kellett has warned the reader not to strain at studying literature from which he extracts no pleasure whatever, but on the contrary to hold fast to what he really enjoys, and to seek to enlarge his enjoyment from this centre. I wish, nevertheless that he had asserted that for each one of us there must be a limit of enjoyment; that although some persons can have a much greater field of taste than others, complete catholicity is a chimera. If we try to enlarge our appreciation too much, we may diminish the intensity of enjoyment. If we were born with a catholic taste, it would be indistinguishable from no taste at all. In our enjoyment of literature much else must enter besides pure literary

enjoyment; and our preference of subject matter, our affinity with particular personalities, and other such limitations must condition not only our enjoyment but our appreciation—for though enjoyment and appreciation are not the same thing, they must tend to concur. This consideration might have led Mr. Kellett to give some fuller account of why taste *must* change from age to age; and why each generation must be attracted to some past periods of literature and repelled from others.

T. S. ELIOT.

LIFE'S A LARK. By GROCK. (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.)

I HAVE laughed a lot in my life, thank God, laughed for all sorts of reasons. But a clown was the earliest reason of all. There was a tent of grey canvas beside a grey sea, there were spangles, pink tights, piebald ponies, sawdust and hiccups. The hiccups were my personal homage to the clown. Their echo is my homage to all clowns. There has been Leno. There remains Lauder to rest upon his laurels. Also there is Robey. But these are outside the Magic Ring where the broadbacked white steeds amble, and the Ring Master is magnificent and the Clown always and forever king. There is a man called Grock who is a clown and his name stands for sawdust and hiccups and clowns the world over. The windy bents, where the vagabond circuses pitch without the seaside town, know it. Boxing day knows it, likewise the lights o' London and the Christmas holidays. And so it is not for me to tell of the greatness of Grock the clown. But here is a book by Grock which Messrs. Heinemann can sell you for eight-and-sixpence and of this book, since it is a new book, I may tell. But by the time that I have told my telling may be as the telling of one who brings news of the death of Anne. For the gods who love Grock have let him write a book worthy of the sawdust, worthy of the laughter which is Olympian. And so "Life's a Lark" will, I wager, catch on as quickly as measles or as Grock himself.

It is the story of the life, as far as its days have gone, of one Adrien Wettach, who is Grock, and who was born in Switzerland in—bother the date, for an artist, like laughter, is, or should be, the ageless thing. Grock wrote this life of his in German and it has been translated by Madge Pemberton into English. The part of the translator has been very perfectly played, the indiscribable spirit of the sawdust caught indeed. Here are the clown and his beginnings which were as humble as the most romantic could wish. Here is grandpapa Wettach and his corns, grandmama Wettach and her cows. Here are a hundred things, boyhood and tight ropes, love and spaghetti, and all are merry things and meet. Here is "the wind on the heath" and how one dresses in a travelling circus: "Give me rather than that (the dressing-rooms in French music-halls)

the four poles and bit of canvas of the travelling circus! Your basket is then your make-up table, with a guttering candle perched upon it as you hold a fragment of glass in your hand for a mirror. Many a time have I painted and powdered myself so, amid the rain, the snow and the wind. Lucky for me that I had a hide as thick as a huntsman's. The piece of sailcloth gets bellied out by the wind, a sharp gust blows out the stump of candle and all is wrapped in darkness. That is the moment the Ring Master usually chooses to stick his head through an opening of the tent and roar, 'Your turn, Wettach, now!' I grope around me in the gloom for my wooden sabots, slip my feet into them, cursing, and with the rain driving me full in the face, paddle along through puddles and dung, till I arrive, with a bound, in the ring!"

The photographs, especially the ones of the author in childhood, are very pleasant. So too are the illustrations; their artist's name I cannot find, but I salute him. This book reminds me of quite different "San Michele," and Messrs. Heinemann are so convinced (I imagine) of their property's success on its merits that they omit the usual puff upon the jacket. This confidence of theirs will be, I think, justified. PATRICK R. CHALMERS.

NEW NOVELS.

CRUTCH. By SEATON PEACEY. (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.)
SANCTUARY. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)
JUDITH PARIS. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Macmillian. 10s. 6d.)

IT has been remarked in the past, with some surprise, that Peacock is in his writings at one moment a Conservative and another a Radical. Actually he is an individualist: and any individualist is bound to be both Radical and Conservative. For his objection is not to any form of government *per se*, but to every form of government which threatens to interfere with his private affairs or to limit his freedom of thought. Democracy, and particularly doctrinaire democracy is as dangerous (if, indeed, not more dangerous) a menace to his individuality as autocracy. Whether an individualist would be contented in any community except the Abbey of Theleme is a problem not yet solved.

Mr. Seaton Peacey approaches modern democratic government from the Peacockian angle. He regards it as a meddler in private affairs. It is represented by Mr. Anthony Seward who was born with a sociological itch, anxious to reform people against their will.

> "He had dreams of a town, of a garden city with model factories, model public-houses, model parks and model people. . . . He read books on town planning and sewerage and the importance of civic training."

Mr. Anthony Seward was the nephew of the admirable Contessa Valletri, the owner of Crutch and the Egeria of Mr. Peacey. In

all except her name, derived from a brief marriage with an Italian, she was English. She is introduced to us first in her home; and after her death that brief introduction is filled out by episodes from her past life, the conversation and memories of the Reverend Lionel Langton her vicar and friend, her own letters, and not least by the contrast her nephew affords. Her creed, if so austere a word can be used, is revealed in one of her letters to herself (and the very fact that she wrote letters to herself is a sidelight on her character).

> "There is a beauty," she writes, "in old things, houses, trees, gardens and people that half the world hasn't the wit to recognize. . . . Books, wine, good food, rhododendrons in the spring, the maintenance of a certain elegance, a certain personal etiquette, the satisfaction of knowing that my tenants lead simple lives and have easily-gratified desires—my consolations and the justification of my being. No small justification too, for if I prevent ploughboys from wanting to become statesmen and generals I shall have added to the world's happiness."

The last sentiment is the reverse of that which animates modern reformers, and those who object to it will probably dislike the whole book which is in effect a eulogy of the Contessa's creed and of "the general atmosphere of wealthy and privileged imperiousness." Mr. Peacey's sympathy is with the past; and he believes that, in the country at any rate, the people were happier under a benevolent despotism than they are now under a rural district council. Such well-considered praise of the past as he delivers is valuable in that it forces the mind which denies it to consider closely the present system of modern life. It is attractive also, for the style in which it is written is fastidious and choice; the sentences are manipulated with care and taste, the words are given an individual twist. Occasionally the fastidiousness goes beyond itself and then the effect is stilted and precious; but such lapses are easily overlooked in the general pleasure, and forgiven for the flavour of such a passage as:

> "They dined by candlelight with the curtains drawn. The change from the day to artificial light was pleasing, almost stimulating. There was no tablecloth: indeed had there been it would have detracted from the beauty of the setting, for the wood, dull-polished, shone as the flanks of a chestnut horse when the early morning sun lights upon them. A serene, rich shining, such as is found in properly-cared for leather, mature wine, a well-groomed horse in good condition and old furniture."

The arrangement of Mr. Peacey's novel, however, is not so accomplished as his style. The reader is left at a loss by a sequence as capricious as his Contessa when she willed "Crutch" to Anthony Seward on the condition that he kept the Yellow Room intact as at her death. The episodes of the Broken Lance Head (slightly tainted with James Branch Cabell) and of the

Byzantine throne must have been amusing to write but have not an equal amusement for the reader; and though the characters are humorously etched (how Peacock would have liked to hear of Lord Mendelyon of Flagon Hall!) Mr. Peacey would impose less of a strain on those who meet them if his planning was more compact. I look forward to what he may write next.

There is a complete contrast between "Crutch" and "Sanctuary." "Crutch" is leisurely in tone, conveying an atmosphere of refined and balanced epicurism; mirroring a microcosm of cultured civilization. "Sanctuary" is hurried, raw and bitter, a distorted mirror of a rotten state. Mr. Faulkner is a misanthrope. When I read "Soldier's Pay" I reflected that it might reveal only one facet of Mr. Faulkner's mind. But "The Sound and Fury" followed by "Sanctuary" prove that however brilliant and powerful and novel may be his variations, he has but one theme: the meanness of humankind. Consider the plot of "Sanctuary": arranged roughly in the kaleidoscopic manner of the novel.

Temple Drake, one of those selfish, wanton, slim, heartless girls who turn Mr. Faulkner's pen into an asp, is driving to a baseball game with a collegiate, who, already half drunk, wants to visit his bootlegger. He breaks up his car on the treetrunk which blocks the approach to the distillery. The distillery is inhabited by Lew Goodwin and his woman, a half-wit, a gunman and Popeye, a small black-coated, self-contained crack shot. Temple Drake and the drunken collegiate arrive at the

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distillery. The collegiate passes out. The girl is raped by Popeye, who shoots the half-wit also contemplating rape. Popeye takes Temple Drake to an easy house at Memphis. Lew Goodwin is arrested for the murder he did not commit. Horace Benbow, kindly, puzzled, human and a lawyer undertakes his defence. Popeye proves impotent and brings in another man to do what he cannot. He watches. Temple Drake grows madly desirous of the other man; and when Popeye forbids her to see him any more, arranges a meeting although she knows it means his death at Popeye's hands. Horace Benbow is told by Lew Goodwin's woman of Temple Drake at the distillery. He is sold knowledge of her whereabouts by an old lecher; who then proceeds to sell the same knowledge to the prosecuting lawyer. Horace Benbow has an interview with Temple Drake in which she promises to appear as witness. On the day of the trial she comes forward and swears that Lew Goodwin committed the murder and then raped her. Lew Goodwin is dragged out of his prison and burnt. The last page gives us a picture of the fine, white-haired Judge Drake in Paris with his daughter Temple. He is walking in the Tuileries still bowed down with shame and grief at what his daughter had to endure. Temple is rather bored. She yawns, takes out her compact and proceeds to make up her face.

Such a summary cannot convey a tithe of the bitterness, the horror, the sordid inhumanity and meanness of the characters. Every page has some malevolent thrust; some acid penetration of motive. Mr. Faulkner is beyond Swift. The Yahoos are gentlemen to his versions of mankind. The scenes of the book pass like a ghastly nightmare. They have the same effect of being immensely vivid and actual at one moment and remote and impossible at the next, as though a veil of gauze hangs in front of our eyes which triplicates or thins from second to second. The range of Mr. Faulkner's imagination is not wide; but within its limits it is deep; and its force is the more telling because he does not intrude his personality in diatribes but simply states. He makes universal evil appear true to life; not by emphasizing it but by marshalling it, not in contrast to goodness but by omitting goodness altogether. His bitterness is controlled on the surface; and is therefore the more deadly.

From his disturbing, sordid world turn to the carefully-constructed romantic world of "Judith Paris." Mr. Hugh Walpole is the chief romantic writer living. He enjoys dramatic situations and coloured episodes and is stimulated by the prospect of a set piece. Into the narrative of Judith Paris, daughter of Rogue Herries are placed as cunningly as little panels in a *dix-huitieme* boudoir, such scenes as a bear-baiting, a sheep-shearing, a hanging, a display of fireworks, a visit to the Southeys, a meeting with Walter Scott or Tom Macaulay. It is all done easily and

without forcing, the work of an experienced and prolific novelist. The period-pieces are brought in when other themes might jade. They titillate the appetite. The period is not implicit in the story as it was in Mr. Graham Greene's admirable novel "The Man Within," it is rather encrusted round it. An ornament and not an essential. The essential for Mr. Walpole is the heart, and when he writes of that he is not merely accomplished and versatile but moving. For he is better able than almost anyone alive to make seem real and deep and living the love between a man and his wife, a love which other novelists appear to think either old-fashioned or impossible or transitory or merely physical; and it is for that reason partly, and partly because of, what seems to me, a sharper visualization and keener imagining that I rate the first part of "Judith Paris" considerably above the second. It is not possible here to outline the story, for it is too intricate and too extensive; but those who enjoyed "Rogue Herries" will enjoy this more, and those who have not read "Rogue Herries" will, when they finish this, probably go back to it, not for the understanding of "Judith Paris," for that is not necessary, but for their own pleasure.

R. McNair Scott.

Dawn. By Theodore Dreiser. (Constable. 10s.)

For years Mr. Dreiser has been fumbling about, seeking the most sordid and distressing subject for a book. At last he has found it, for "Dawn" is the first volume of an enormous autobiography. Apparently, the function of Mr. Dreiser's imagination is to reduce everything it contemplates to insignificance. Even when it turns to such a comparatively important phenomenon as the Catholic Church, the result is as follows: "The inanity of teaching at this day and date, and as illustrated by the Holy Roman Catechism, the quite lunatic theories and pretensions of that entirely discredited organism to divine inspiration and hence leadership and of putting that unscratched tablet, the mind of a child, into its possession or care! Fie! Faugh!" Of all the many comments that have been made on Catholicism, I suppose that the least illuminating is "Fie! Faugh!"; and the lumpishness that underlies this simplification of the history of Christian Europe does not show to any better advantage when the subject-matter is the childhood and adolescence of Theodore Dreiser. A mind of Proustian vitality and penetration might have found significance even in this deplorable material; but Mr. Dreiser found only vulgarity. In fact, any reader who is unacquainted with Mr. Dreiser's other books will probably find "Dawn" a revelation of the possibilities of vulgarity. Such a reader will probably not have realized that a child's affection for its mother can be vulgar, and will surely not have suspected that the modern cult for "honesty" has

reached the stage where an author may feel called upon to be physiologically frank about the details of all the love-affairs of all his sisters.

There is one respect in which this book should be taken seriously, namely, as a study in modern irresponsibility in regard to conduct. The following passage—in which, as usual, Mr. Dreiser is discussing his sex-life—is an illustration: "I have thrilled again and again from head to toe, the sight of this particular formula (female) resulting in the invasion of homes, the destruction of happy arrangements among others, lies, persuasions, this, that . . . Whether this, in the last analysis . . . is ill or not I cannot say. I commend it at once to the biologists, economists, and philosophers for examination. Certain it is that the religionists and moralists have already been heard from sufficiently, and in vain. It is time for science to speak."

There is comic relief in a schoolroom scene where Dreiser's teacher, unable to make him understand grammar, remarks: "But Theodore, dear, you write good English. Your longest sentences and paragraphs are correct and orderly. I don't understand." And Mr. Dreiser comments: "I myself wondered, and very much so, how it was that I did it." The reader of "Dawn" will also wonder, and very much so, how it was that he did it, since at the age of fifty Mr. Dreiser is still producing sentences such as this: "In short, some twenty years later, as the X-ray then proved, I had at this time suffered a severe lesion of the upper left lung, which subsequently, and due to various outdoor and so fresh air tasks, as you will see, healed and finally left me as strong, apparently, as I would have been had I never suffered any lung lesion whatsoever." HERBERT AGAR.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS OF BIOLOGY. Donnellan Lectures, University of Dublin, 1930. By J. S. HALDANE, C.H., F.R.S. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

IT is becoming increasingly difficult to realize that it ever called for courage to protest against the once fashionable mechanistic philosophy, but in the days when materialism was the vogue, no scientist rendered greater services to common sense than Professor J. S. Haldane. In this, his latest book, he drives yet another nail into the coffin of Victorian Materialism. Materialism may be moribund, but we are still living in an age "which our successors," so Professor Haldane says, "will some day look back upon with curiosity and wonder as an age characterized especially by physical realism—an age strangely blind in some, but by no means all, respects to what will then appear as outstanding spiritual reality, and concealing this behind scientific abstractions which it had taken for representations of reality and proceeded to bow down before, though they were only its own creations. In this respect

I think that our age will be regarded as an idolatrous one, although our idols are of a different kind from those of relatively uncivilized peoples."

If the words gnostic and agnostic were used in their natural sense, we might divide all philosophers into gnostics and agnostics. A gnostic might be described as one who believes that he has discovered a "gnosis," a solution to the great riddle of the universe. The term agnostic should properly be applied not to the sceptic who dogmatically rejects the supernatural, but to any thinker, Theist, Christian or Rationalist, who regards his own solution to the great enigma as tentative and provisional rather than as final and sufficient.

The scientific mind, which is normally agnostic so far as the basis of physical reality is concerned, runs to gnosticism when speculating on physical reality. Professor Haldane, for instance, is a gnostic of the gnostics. He reminds me of St. Thomas Aquinas. He has the same hearty confidence in the power of reason to discover the Nature of God. He sweeps aside with an imperious gesture all rival theologies as "baseless superstitions." Millions of thinkers have been trying to define God throughout the ages; they are all of them wrong. "It is only an imperfect theology or philosophy that makes it appear as if the imperfection of the world were inconsistent with the existence of God, since it is only in the continuous negation of imperfection that God is manifested. Our evidence for the existence of God is derived from the recognition in ourselves of the striving after truth, beauty and goodness, and it is only in

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presence of what appears to us as error, evil, and ugliness that this divine striving manifests itself. There is no other evidence of any real value; but this evidence is sufficient that throughout all the appearances of chaos our universe is the progressive manifestation of God."

I, who am temperamentally an agnostic, have never ceased to envy the certainties of the true gnostics, Catholic, Protestant or Rationalist. Consider, for instance, the following sentence. "It is not to the conception of a perfect God existing apart from what is clearly a very imperfect universe that philosophy leads us." In my more cowardly fashion, had I been led, as I might well have been led, to that conclusion I should have hedged, and should have written: "that philosophy leads."

Only your true gnostic could conclude his exposition of his own private faith, one of a million faiths, with the sentence, "This conclusion or faith is the faith of religion." Most people would have written "the faith of *my* religion."

Even the title of these lectures is gnostic in its implication. Professor Haldane may believe that he has written a book on "the philosophical basis of biology," but actually he has written a stimulating book which ought to have been described as "The Philosophy of *a* Biologist." But, gnostic or agnostic, Professor Haldane is on the side of the angels, the angels in whom he disbelieves. He realizes, and in this profoundly stimulating book proclaims, the great truth that Victorian scientists refused to admit, that "the existence of God must be the central feature in the future developments of philosophy." ARNOLD LUNN.

CHARLTON. (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.)

THIS is the autobiography of a soldier who attained high rank and is now on half-pay. Judged as the story of a career, which included service in the Boer War, administrative work in West Africa and the West Indies, and important employments in the Royal Air Force, the book is dull, but considered as an essay in self-revelation it is remarkable. It is clear that the author wishes his book to be judged as an excessively candid explanation of the causes combining to make him "a military misfit." The chief of these causes was, he confesses, an inherent diffidence or inferiority complex. At critical moments he could not assert himself successfully. In the most dispassionate manner Charlton writes himself down as weak and indecisive, yet his achievements, within their degree, contradict the assertion. He worked hard, had more than the average share of success, and cannot be said to have failed in his profession; what then, one asks, is the matter with the man? Why all this intensely critical self-analysis, these confessions of mental intimacies, and the wholly wrong valuation the author puts upon himself?

Charlton discusses himself with such cool detachment that almost everything he describes becomes impersonal and remote. This effect is produced by a very rare quality of writing, but there can be no doubt that it is an *effect* deliberately contrived. Herein lies the grave fault of the book, namely, that, for all its frankness, it does not read as naturally and easily as it ought to do. The reader begins to ask questions; has doubts and suspicions; becomes intensely irritated with the author. The inferiority complex he regards as a pose because it is flatly contradicted by examples of colossal egotism, such as the author's dissatisfaction with the Prince of Wales, and with other people who did not come up to his expectations. The old argument, that the inferiority complex is an inverted form of egotism, will not here suffice as an explanation. There is, one feels, a strong strain of feminine spite in the book which is frequently directed against the author himself, and occasionally a slightly abnormal attitude towards people and things. The truth is that Charlton has studied himself too much from the outside and too little from within, and has failed to do full justice to himself. The autobiography, which lays claim to complete frankness, fails to present a self-portrait that can be accepted, without question, as clear and defined. Charlton says " this is the kind of man I am—I have revealed myself to you completely." Is it not strange therefore that the reader cannot see him as completely as he sees himself?

FREDERICK HEATH.

MODERN CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL. By C. DELISLE BURNS. (George Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THE process by which modern civilization is allowed to leave the court without a stain on its character is a simple one. Phenomena existing to-day which Mr. Burns considers good, such as groups aiming at social amelioration, or organized international co-operation are assumed to be typical of modern civilization though they have existed (under slightly different forms) in many previous ages. Phenomena which Mr. Burns considers to be bad, such as priestly religion, war (he called it " more barbaric than the worst cinema film "), crime and peasant proprietorship are assumed to be typical only of the past: however widely and even increasingly they may flourish in the present. Thus a car bandit is barbaric, primitive or mediæval, while the policeman who chases him is modern. Phenomena which are really modern, like the newer type of compulsory non-religious education, are assumed to be successes, though in point of fact they are still in the experimental stage, and do not look like being very successful experiments. The half of Europe which is nominally democratic is " modern," while the half which is governed by dictators is (with considerable ingenuity) explained away as a breeding ground of " anachronisms." The diseases

that modern medicine can cure, such as typhus and malaria, are mentioned; we are told nothing of the diseases such as influenza and cancer which the doctor, however "modern" is powerless to cure. We hear of the decrease in infant mortality, not of the striking increase in maternal mortality. In fact the evidence of the defence is set out with more partiality than candour and the evidence for the prosecution minimized or suppressed.

One would have expected that in a book of this character some serious refutation of the "decline" theories of Spengler would be attempted. But Mr. Burns's dealings with "some untenable judgments upon modernity, pontifically announced" are of the airiest character. "The refutation of the whole conception of decline is perhaps most clearly seen in the *pace* at which change is now occurring." From which we are to deduce that any rapid change must be a change for the better! A little lower down he announces that "it is not important to decide whether or not the modern world is in a decline" for by analogy with the decline and fall of Rome "we have another five hundred years to die in." The possibility of rapid changes producing *rapid* decline does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Burns. He merely states that "a dying man does not feel himself to be dying"—which is not true.

We feel, however, that in expressing confidence in modern institutions Mr. Burns is writing with his tongue in his cheek. For he remarks that "the way to discover the nature of modern government is to ask what is being done in the City Hall of Chicago . . ." When we do ask we learn that Al Capone is there, bribing the police not to interfere with his brothels, intimidating juries of highly enlightened modern men, and upbraiding any judge who dares to sentence a member of his gang. Come, come, Mr. Burns, surely it's not as bad as all that?

IDDESLEIGH.

JOSEPH PILSUDSKI: THE MEMOIRS OF A POLISH REVOLUTIONARY AND SOLDIER. Translated and edited by D. R. GILLIE. (Faber and Faber. 21s.)

IN the story of the resurrection of Poland no career has been more romantic than that of the Lithuanian, Joseph Pilsudski; a descendant of gentlefolk settled in Vilna; revolutionary, soldier, statesman, and, in 1920, the saviour of Europe from the Bolshevik peril. This book is a translation by an English journalist of various notes, lectures, and complete chapters written by Pilsudski at various times—now in prison, now in the interval between two campaigns. By way of a narrative that is often as sensational as fiction we trace the hero from his boyhood, through the years of captivity in Irkutsk (where he describes vividly a mutiny, and the brutal methods used by the Russians in quelling it); through his activities as a printer of socialist literature, and a secret agent

of the growing Polish national movement; to his imprisonment in Warsaw. We follow the fortunes of his militant organization during the Russo-Japanese War, and through each stage of the European War, when the Polish Legion, though supporting the Central Powers, never forgot that it was fighting primarily for the independence of Poland.

It is to the credit of the translator that he has preserved in his translation a certain talent for phrase that is absent from most books of the kind. The story of the remarkable exploit at Ulina Mala, when the Poles rode by night through a Russian division, is admirably told; and the account of the skirmishing among the foothills and mountains of Podhale (which was the prelude to Limanowa) is graphic without being melodramatic.

Pilsudski realized from the first that, as the leader of the Polish legionaries, he had a very delicate task. He had not only to exercise consummate tact in his relations with the German and Austrian commanders, but also to be ready to seize the precise moment when he could, with any hope of success, play for his own hand. He chose the moment in 1917, opposed von Beseler, resigned from the Council of State, and was sent to prison once more. But less than a year later Haller's 1,500 legionaries returned from France 100,000 strong. J. B. MORTON.

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